THE REALIST AS SERPENT AND DOVE . . . By Francis Hackett

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"U. S. WAR AIMS"
by Walter Lippmann
Reviewed by Vera Micheles Dean

"GALLIC CHARTER"
by J. C. Fernand-Laurent
Reviewed by Frederick Gruin

"HEADQUARTERS BUDAPEST"
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Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue

STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Jonathan Daniels

—Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

WALTER LIPPMANN defines a foreign policy for the future of America. (See page 7)

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GOD ON A BATTLEWAGON

By Captain James Claypool, Chaplain, U.S.N.R., as told to Carl Wiegman

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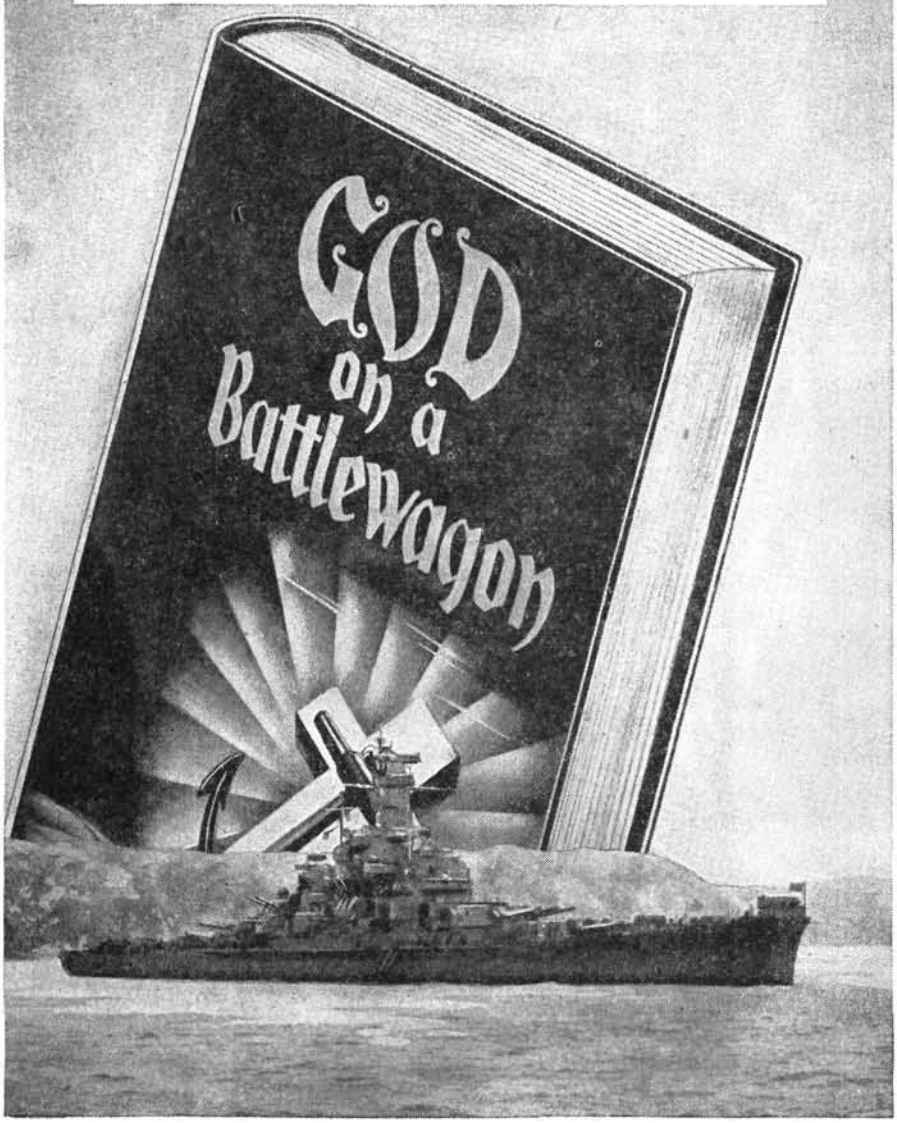

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Realist as Serpent and Dove

Behind Him, as Behind all Complexities, There Is an Ideology

FRANCIS HACKETT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several months ago,* The Saturday Review *published the article, "Tarzan Realism," by Houston Peterson. Since "realism" is a perennial phenomenon,* The Saturday Review *plans to publish other articles on the subject from time to time.*

IF you pay any attention to words, you may have noticed that, while some of them are good, honest, and simple, remaining faithful to their job from time out of mind, others of them, less simple, go up and down in the verbal scale, particularly the ambitious ones.

The word bread, for example, has been exemplary. It was one of the first to go to work for mankind. For centuries it has held its place, as fixed as the earth, or as water or fire, and as sound as the tangible stuff for which it does service. That stuff, indeed, may be anything from the best of foods to wadding, but the word bread is a good word, it means bread, nobody misunderstands, and he who asks for bread and is given a stone is meeting obliquity.

Verbal newcomers are different. A word like realist may be received with open arms. It may start off in as good favor as a presentable foreigner in Chicago, one of those promising visitors who is on everybody's tongue, in frantic demand, admired, discussed, and of course frowned upon, since success in one quarter breeds contempt in another. But from being on top of the world many a visitor who seems indispensable and inescapable begins to slide down. You can imagine our word realist rather overdoing the thing, wearing out his welcome, losing his job, and having to move to the West Side. You can see him slinking out with his other suit to have it pressed; he failed in the quiet suit so he must try the loud one.

This predicament of a mere word, a token or a symbol of something difficult to keep in circulation, may not seem important to people who do not care for words or make their living by them. Many writers abandon a word the moment it is snubbed. We are known by the words we keep, and while in private we may be amused if an Aussie says that we are a "grand bloody barstud," it is different in public. If a brilliant word begins to be a little blotchy, we drop it. The redemption of a fallen word is not for anyone who is nervous about his reputation.

Take realist, for instance, a word applied promiscuously. Only the other day a "realist" was received in the White House. He has a suite in Moscow in that famous hotel where they have butter. He was at Teheran. He has probably been visiting the Vatican. He took off his coat to go to work for Mr. Dewey at the Republican National Convention last week. Behind him, as behind all complex words, there is an ideology, and, since we cannot get rid of him, let's see how we can go on with him.

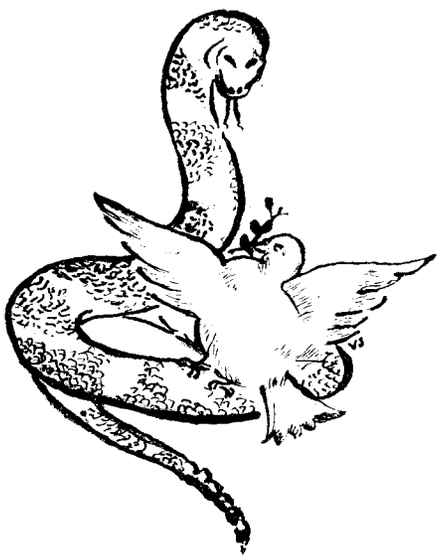
We may waive his career in philosophy, where he began as one thing and ended as its opposite. The realist, as we know him, definitely came to town with the modern novel.

According to himself, he arrived to drive out the hypocrite and the sentimentalist; "to represent the facts exactly as they are."

Because his reputation is now damaged, and because a few decades have passed since then, we may think this is unimportant, but much hinges on it.

It was the genteel critic who took prompt issue with the realist. "You describe ugly things," said the critic, "you bring out details of an unsavory sort, you ignore the beautiful and harmonious." So the battle began on a narrow field, that field where the white lines had been marked by the etiquette book.

With realism as much professed by cynics in our day as by the gallant though muddled crusaders for *Esquire,* it is necessary to stress its origins. What sustained the realist, unfashionable as it sounds, was pretty much what sustained science in the days of Thomas Huxley. There were prosecutions for obscenity but there was also the heroic mood of "J'accuse," where Zola, backed by a man of taste who once had said it might have been better had Zola never been born, tried to rally forces in France that alone could have withstood Hitlerism. The pieties that enraged these realists were not merely the cluttering objects in the "best room," a few of them precious but most of them pretentious; it was rigid convention and fierce orthodoxy that was also combatted. Our realist began as an ardent and rigorous truth-teller. He did expose facts from the ankle up, but not for entertainment. He outraged the bourgeois, but scarcely more than the scientist of the same period. He had a large purpose. His impulse was a moral one. And gentility lost the war.



YES, it lost the war, but realism lost the peace. It is this fact which makes it imperative to recall what inspired the realist in the first place. The ground that was gained has been put to uses far removed from the original purpose, and under the sway of far different impulses. This we must go into, but if the defeat of gentility did not bring about the Good Life, which is evident, and if the original hostilities thus seem to have been misplaced, it should no less be attested that realism was inspired, not by rancor against the bourgeois, not by Bohemian depravity, not by viciousness or degeneracy or any of the other base motives with which the air was thick when the genteel tradition was on the

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defensive. The realist cared most of all for the simple people, for the betrayed, for the little fellow, for the misunderstood. For this he endured nights of darkness. For this he went into unsavory details. For this he dwelt on wickedness and stupidity. When he said "truth," he meant that bitter, saving herb from which the genteel shrank. He was denounced as an apothecary, but was not afraid to prescribe poisons.

The physician may employ morphine, only to find he has initiated his sufferer into a world of escape. Realism did bring ugly things—drains and drenches and drunks—into the open. It ploughed the slough of despond to haul out pimps, blood-suckers, incest, sadism, all the monsters and monstrosities, but for what? Largely, it appears, to feed a no less monstrous appetite for sensation and distraction, or else a craving for sharp entertainment.

The "facts" may be more naked than ever, but they twinkle and dimple. We have passed from "Crime and Punishment" to the mood of "Arsenic and Old Lace." A tree grows in Brooklyn, complete with drunkenness and abortion, and yet it contrives in some quaint way to have no fruit of knowledge on it; it is a kind of Christmas tree.

What took the sting out of early realism? The original potion, once described at a New York trial in the days of Anthony Comstock as "terrifyingly moral," has been converted, like the strong odor of civet, into perfume. Adroit hands present the golden-hearted whore in so many cheery stories that Magdalen is made to look like a sour-puss, and by such registered witticisms does Mr. Henry Luce slap down tragedy until we expect Tycoon Christ to bob up, along with other dead pets, in his obituary columns. Was it for this that strenuous rebels removed the barriers of convention and the zoning laws of gentility?

IT is permissible to think that the serious realist did pave the way for the psychoanalyst. While there are psychoanalytic novels and dramas, the main work is in the private clinic, but, whatever is going on between the systematic realist who is a soul doctor and his patient, popular outspokenness is miles from revolt or serious inquiry. All it exacts is inconsequence.

"No ax to grind, no message to sell" —but much to expose that gentility hid. At the pretty little theatre in the New York Museum of Modern Art where series of early moving pictures are sometimes exhibited, it is instructive to find with what gales of laughter, what gusts of guffaw, the youngsters pounce on such an absurdity as a virgin. They all pounce together, these

—Drawing by M. H. Poliakov from "Germania."

alley kittens. They have really to be seen to be depreciated.

What has made them like this? In the impulse of the early realist there was a post-religious earnestness, but here, having the evidence of sin but not the sense of it, our young "sophisticates" (a bloody word, lady) rejoice that they have seen through their parents' illusions. They are alert for what is realism to them—a good ear for current speech, a nose for disillusion, the shock of surprise, deft statement. But as for a knowledge of men and women, "way back" in 1925, they only have it with those objects who seem to them to be under economic or morbid compulsion; this mechanism arouses awe in them, but they do not seem to be aware of the drama of personal choice, and where there is no choice there can be no guilt; the evil that so explained seems to be explained away. They are at once hostile to authority and submissive to the barbarous uses of it.

So the early realist has been superseded in fiction. And something like this has taken place in politics.

There, too, the mordant process incensed the orthodox to begin with. The social realist, by "representing facts exactly as they are," forced new subject matter on attention, but after the first hostilities, after a great burst of generous candor and crusade, a swarm of experts began to make realism systematic, almost theologic, while the skeptics gave up solicitude and resigned from responsibility. "Life goes on." "Time marches on." Take it or leave it.

With psychoanalysis having the concession for the soul and government agencies for the body politic, then the serious realist remains as an emotional nuisance. He is either left alone with his indignation, cursed with single blessedness, or else he has to nudge the important, saying, "you knew my father, boss. Any work for me? I'm a realist."

Difficulties are thick on this sloucher. Having so conspicuously said farewell to gentility, laughed at inhibition, scorned censorship, slept on old newspapers in the park, baked in basements, panhandled, known the shark, the weasel, the stool pigeon, the mackerel, the dung-beetle, there is an air about him that does indeed hint at the flophouse. But he doesn't want charity, honest, he is still looking for work. He produces his soiled old clippings.

When a man says, "I'm a realist," like that, there is only one thing to do with him. It is to corner him. "Forgive the word, but have you an ideology?"

Well, has he? The word appeaser came to town, wearing a nimbus, until he was asked for his ideology. Even as a hoop-skirt the nimbus didn't help him. But the realist can show his credentials. "The facts exactly as they are." He can say, "There is a criminal of the same name in town. He's my tough brother. He's down to earth, down to Blood and Soil, the mud-realist. But here's my ideology!"

Sincere? Naive, of course. Self-centered. In his red-rimmed eyes there is no wealth but a wealth of history. Well, look at the dossier. This is the tender brother.

Machiavelli stood at the great divide, between the mud-realist, the tough one, and this rather tender, post-Christian one.

IT is an awkward difference to face, in wartime. "What does your tough brother think of you?" You ask the serious realist this.

"He says my principles make me feeble and cause me to become an easy prey to evil-minded men."

"And what do you say, tender Realist?"

What can he say? Hitler, there's a tough realist, and Mussolini. And Stalin, tough guy. Realism built up OGPU and Gestapo. A bundle of clothes to your wife; but you to an unknown lime-kiln. It was a tough brother who handed his guest an Asiatic sword and bowed him to the powder room. Another was the one who carved his concubine into sixteen pieces, so that each piece, as it came out of the wrappings, promoted rapid inquiry.

According to these tough realists, ferocious sacrifices are in order, captive women to be prostituted to inflame and humiliate their race, hostages to be killed, prisoners to be broken, undesirables to be killed like moles, the germplasm of whole races, whole ideologies, to be so seared that only a mere name is left—as with the "Tuscan." This, as Machiavelli commends it, is the Pagan norm, "grandeur of soul, strength of body, and all such other qualities as render men formidable." What happens to the defeated is the penalty of tenderness, of softness, feebleness.

Do you believe this, America?

It is horrible to drown even kittens, horrible to bomb civilians, but are you

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evasive about this? Unwilling to do the horrible?

Even a tender realist does not want to see miners go into mine damp. He is willing to try it on a canary. The method is unkind, but where a tough realist was willing to sacrifice Ethiopia, Spain, France, Europe, in a grand adventure that was to give him Empire, the tender can make sacrifices. For what? To achieve great glory?

The serious realist has to answer. He has to give his ideology. He admits that to do the horrible is realistic. But that there is only mastery and submissiveness? No. It is mud-realism to do the horrible to achieve great glory, to do it coldly and deliberately for advantage to oneself. Sing Sing harbors many mud-realists, yet they are white as lambs against formidable and ferocious men who are horrible on principle.

The tender one can grasp the magnificent ambition, can admit life as a dangerous adventure in which the prizes go to the strong and the lawless, but to employ their drastic method can only offer mastery and submissiveness. It cannot offer civilization, which is a consent to method, an agreement on method. It is against the final horror of mastery-or-submission that the serious realist still does violence, to the enemy and to himself.

Wendell Willkie would tax drastically. To avoid worse pain later. Here is no gentility or tepidity to imperil civilization. Here is a realism. It shatters feebleness, in a tough and treacherous world. It has to induce consent, to be astute, to be cunning, to weigh advantage, to scheme where there is suspicion or evasion. But is this to enforce submission? Is civilization a "front?" The realist, ultimately, strives for the harmonious on terms of consent, and in the upshot this is the essence of tender realism.

TO this realist the State is not God. The State tends to be ferocious, glory-seeking, unilateral. Hence the Great Red Father eats up the Great White Father, by this process. Count the empires that are to be devoured tomorrow: the Japanese and the German, joining the Spanish, the Turkish, the French, the Italian. All shattered empires, leaving the Big Three, with China left with its thumb in its mouth. This is good, tough realism. But no matter how submission is counselled by the mud-realists, and discipine and obedience and sacrifice advocated by them, the tender realist insists that no real entities should be sacrificed: civilization is merely the extension of the process of consent. To divide Poland again is not civilized. To master the enemy and submit to his ideology is not victory. It is Machiavelli's mud-realism.

Then must we fly high at any cost?

To fly is idealism. To learn how to take off and to land again—that is where the realist comes in. He does not agree with the sentimentalist that to fly alone is edifying and must therefore be insisted on. He agrees with the youngsters that to crash is a horrible experience. But, "representing the facts exactly as they are," true realism puts as the final art of government the art of eliciting consent.

On the twentieth anniversary of Woodrow Wilson's death *The New York Times* said that he had been repudiated as an idealist, "but if he could come back to the earth today, who could refuse him the title of the supreme realist of his generation?"

This title would still be refused to him by those who, in 1920, called him a "typical democratic mob-master," a "kept captain," a "preacher of Peace," for to them everything outside grandeur of soul, strength of body and formidable will is "the clash of tin swords."

From these enemies, whether outside or inside ourselves, the realist can hope for nothing. His one object, however, is to work not for a military system to which facts must conform but for a consent among those who still have common humanity. He must be both serpent and dove to achieve this, but his touchstone as a true realist must never vary: "the facts exactly as they are."

History Never Waits

By William Rose Benét

THE bulldozer breaks a pathway through the dusty orange grove.
The infantryman with the helmet and the Bren gun moves along,
Just keeps moving along into the future of our time. . .

The gunner of the ball turret of the Fortress rumbling high
On the return trip from Berlin finds himself humming a song,
A nursery song from his infancy, with a quite ridiculous rhyme. . .

Pompoms, flak, and the big barrage; ack-ack and anti-tank;
The twenty-fives and the other guns; the batteries back in the hills;
The shriekers and the block-busters, the demolition bombs.

By tons of tons of tons—and all the machine-guns—
And, there, a sudden devastating solid roar that fills
The night, as an ammunition-dump falls to the far Long Toms.

And all through it, just men moving, or men sitting at rest,
By the roadside, in dead villages, up among stones on the hill—
A man who had a gas-station at home, a boy with a college degree,

In the filth and noise and foreign smells, trying to figure things
About a girl, a service record, at home somebody ill,
Or how, last time, the farm was foreclosed, in the country of the free—

Moving on, by companies, regiments, divisions, army corps,
Into the future of our time, alert good fighting men,
Good men to make any sort of a land—but gnawed by a little fear

O not of the foe! Of certain things they feel they are fighting for
Not coming true—how the big Depression came—will it come again?
They sling some word about "After" perhaps. They're answered, "Bo, you're *here*!"

Yes, you're here all right, Brother; and you're into their fortress land.
You've got good generals too, good supplies, you're going to win.
If a spectre shuffles beside you, you just put it down to the Fates,

Or the gray crones with only one eye that they passed from hand to hand,
Like the politicians way back home who protect their monstrous kin.
They'd explain to you all about it now—but History never waits.

No, it doesn't even wait for the Gentleman making the orotund speech
Patched up with a lot of old fustian, with the big Main Chance in his eye
To get his own party in power for a good fat barrel of pork—

Nor even wait for the corporations elongating their reach,
Nor for racketeers of industry casing big things on the sly
Whether in Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, or New York!

It doesn't wait for the boys who wish to keep it just as it was
Because the pickings were juicy and rich (like some in Italy here).
You are passing where the Turn was Called; the ruins are white in the moon.

Hep! You are moving into the future. History always does.
So any questions that you may ask will soon sound mighty queer.
No, it isn't a singing war, Jack—but you might strike up a tune!

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The War for the Future of France

GALLIC CHARTER: Foundations of Tomorrow's France. By J. C. Fernand-Laurent. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

IF her emigré sons are any criterion, France is passing through one of her most soul-searching phases. This inner examination keeps pace with the physical struggle for survival. It weighs the past, scans the present, ponders the future. It is a healthy fibre in the pattern of a people's renascence.

Consider the forum of pens: Henri Bernstein has presented the case for Charles de Gaulle. Joseph Kessel has brilliantly portrayed the men and women of the French resistance. Pierre Cot has sharply defended the record of the Left. André Geraud (Pertinax) has analyzed incisively the defeat and armistice of 1940. Now comes M. Fernand-Laurent to give the viewpoint of a republican Rightist.

"Gallic Charter" is a notable contribution. Its judgments are sober and restrained. Its style is fluid and thoroughly readable—a remarkable linguistic achievement in English by a Frenchman. For those who love France and wish she were cleft less violently, it is a heartening demonstration that not all French Rightists are rabid anti-democrats. "I have always tried to reconcile liberty with order through the self-imposed discipline of individuals," writes M. Fernand-Laurent. But, he adds, "the worst errors of the crowd are infinitely to be preferred to the tyranny of a single man."

M. Fernand-Laurent is no Gaullist though he pays tribute to Charles de Gaulle as the flaming symbol of French resistance. He was a Deputy of the Fédération Républicaine, the party of valiant Louis Marin and defeatist Maxime Weygand, of professional folk and little business men. He stayed on after the defeat of 1940 to edit *Le Jour*. He resisted collaboration. Under Vichy's communiqués he printed Pétain's words: "I hate the lies that have done us so much harm." Vichy police put his son in prison (from which he escaped to join French forces in the Middle East). In 1943, M. Fernand-Laurent became too marked a man to stay in France; he fled to America.

Now he is certain that no one can understand his country's present struggle without understanding her past. Since 1789 France has been torn by the factions of tyranny and freedom, reaction and revolution. Her tradition of freedom is young compared to the long absolutism which preceded it. Whenever the Republic falters or tires, the past rushes in to bind on the shackles again. To prove his point M. Fernand-Laurent reviews the history of the Third Republic.

Born out of the defeat of 1870, the Third Republic suffered its "first Pétain" in Marshal Patrice MacMahon, the loser of Sedan. This white-haired, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed old soldier belonged in the monarchist camp. As "Chief of State" (elected by the National Assembly), he challenged the authority of Parliament, was repudiated at the polls by the republicans, seemed ready to stage a monarchist coup but resigned instead. In retirement he confessed: "Soldiers ought never to mix with politics; they don't know anything about it."

Reaction's next blows at the Republic came in the shape of the Boulanger Movement and the Dreyfus Affair. Handsome, popular General Ernest Boulanger was another white hope of the monarchists. Clemenceau disposed of him and his plots though not before some anxious moments for republicanism; the General, exiled in Brussels, died a suicide on the grave of his mistress. In the Dreyfus Affair, says M. Fernand-Laurent, reaction cried "Vive l'Armée!" and revolution shouted back "Vive la Justice!" It took twelve years of struggle, revolving around the fate of a single man, before the republicans won.

M. Fernand-Laurent has as little sympathy for Marshal Pétain as for Marshal MacMahon. He sees Vichy's Chief of State as the representative of a class, the class of reaction which betrayed the nation. As a working journalist in Vichy France, M. Fernand-Laurent watched the octogenarian, his followers, and rivals in action. What he observed was ugly, and what he reports in "Gallic Charter" is valuable, sometimes revelatory, first-hand information.

—*Fitzpatrick in* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Rebirth of a Nation"

Most sensational is a story about Raphaël Alibert, a relatively obscure royalist who was a trusted Pétain aide. This person, says M. Fernand-Laurent, by means of a lie and a forgery in June, 1940, scotched a plan that would have sent Vice Premier Camille Chautemps to North Africa to continue the fight against the Germans while Premier Pétain stayed on in France. Most interesting are M. Fernand-Laurent's interviews with Pétain. In February, 1942, the Marshal savagely denounced Pierre Laval, then moaned, "Pity me, indeed, for I have got myself into a sorry mess!" But three months later the Marshal dined with Jacques Doriot, leader of the French Fascists and more viciously collaborationist than Laval.

Pierre Pucheu, who posed as a patriot during his Algiers death trial, does poorly in M. Fernand-Laurent's testimony. As Minister of the Interior, Pucheu put 80,000 of his countrymen in jail, once cracked: "The French are imbeciles who must be led without being consulted." Weygand is an embittered enigma. Henriot, Darnand, Deat, and their ilk get rough treatment. On the other hand, M. Fernand-Laurent pays homage to Edouard Herriot and draws a classic picture of the Republic's beloved champion chafing and pining under Vichy house surveillance.

On Charles de Gaulle M. Fernand-Laurent writes with searching thought. "Defeat obliterated and honor retrieved—that is the miracle which France owes to Charles de Gaulle." He concedes that the General has learned lessons in politics and statesmanship. But the republican Rightist is disturbed by Gaullist talk of a "Fourth Republic"—the Third is good enough for him, with improvements in due time. He distrusts the censorship in Algiers. He considers the Algiers Government a trustee for France; as such, he holds, it should not innovate, should not grant suffrage to French women, or devise a more enlightened colonial policy, or do anything else to change the status quo. On this point M. Fernand-Laurent seems to be on nostalgic rather than practical ground: even Charles de Gaulle cannot stem the pressure of events and revive things as they were.

Of one thing M. Fernand-Laurent is certain, and his certainty seems like a caution to General De Gaulle: France, he says, will never accept a military dictatorship; she will cling to the Republic.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Balances and Counter-Balances of the Peace

U. S. WAR AIMS. By Walter Lippmann. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 235 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE great debate concerning the role the United States should play in world affairs which, as Walter Lippmann points out, has been raging in this country for forty years, is apparently drawing to a close. The Republican party, in the platform drafted at Chicago, recognizes that American voters are intent not only on winning this war, but on taking measures, in concert with other nations, to prevent the recurrence of such wars in the future. The Democratic party, in turn, when it assembles in convention this month, will reflect this profound undertow of public opinion in the direction of some form of international organization. At the same time, both the Republican platform and President Roosevelt's statement of June 15 concerning plans for a world organization indicate the furthest limits to which, in the opinion of political leaders, the American people is at present ready to go in world affairs. Both disclaim any desire to place the United States under the control of a world state or super-state, and both reject the concept of an international police force.

It is within the limits of such practical realities that any commentator now writing on American foreign policy must formulate his suggestions if they are to have an immediate effect on public opinion. Walter Lippmann, in his earlier volume, "U. S. Foreign Policy," had developed with great cogency, if in a somewhat cold-blooded manner, the thesis that the United States should re-examine the commitments it had undertaken toward other nations, and cut its foreign and military policy to fit these commitments. At the close of that volume he proposed a "nuclear alliance" of the four great powers—the United States, Britain, Russia, and China—as the first step toward post-war stability. This concept of a four-power alliance, keystone of any international structure that might be built in the future, has exerted considerable influence on current discussions of American foreign policy. But to those who, like this reviewer, find a four-power directorate, no matter how benevolent, neither desirable nor practicable unless integrated immediately into the framework of an international organization, it would have seemed better if Mr. Lippmann had begun where he ended, and had indicated how, in his opinion, the seed of the four-power set-up would flower into a world organization.

This task he has undertaken to do in a companion volume, "U. S. War Aims," written with the same clarity of style and precision of thought to which his many faithful readers have become accustomed. Mr. Lippmann, as usual, is admirable in his analysis of our present predicament. With the delicacy of a surgeon's scalpel, he probes the past, skilfully cutting away dead matter, pointing up the essentials. He has an enviable gift for compressing decades of history into a few lucid paragraphs which give new light to obscure controversies. Once more, as in "U. S. Foreign Policy," his emphasis is on the commitments the United States, over the years, has developed with respect to other nations —China, Britain, Latin America, what Mr. Lippmann calls the Atlantic Community—and the need for meeting these commitments not merely by wishful thinking or high-sounding pledges, but by practical measures the American people would be willing to undertake and carry out.

It is when he comes to the admittedly baffling task of exactly how the international machinery we might be called on to operate might be devised that Mr. Lippmann raises many questions in the reader's mind. Taking the "nuclear alliance" of the four great powers as a springboard, he now contends that regional arrangements of various kinds should be formed around the four great powers which can afford effective protection to their smaller neighbors. The three main regions he envisages are the Atlantic Community, in which the United States and Britain would work hand in hand with the Dominions, France, the Low Countries, Scandinavia, and Latin America; the Russian Orbit, into which the small countries of Eastern Europe and the Balkans would gravitate; and the Chinese Orbit.

In spite of its geographic title, the Atlantic Community, as conceived by Mr. Lippmann, would embrace also those interests in the Pacific that Britain and the United States have developed over a long period—interests that are not exclusively concerned with the Asiatic mainland but, as we see in this war, concern also our relations with Australia and New Zealand, and our interest in acquiring some form of control over the Pacific islands that served Japan as stepping-stones in its march toward Hawaii and the Philippines. To use the terms of geopolitics, Britain and the United States, under Mr. Lippmann's scheme, would play a predominant role in the oceanic region, while Russia would dominate the Eurasian heartland east of Germany, and China would play a predominant role in Asia. Such a division of the world on regional lines would, in Mr. Lippmann's opinion, greatly facilitate any steps the United Nations might take toward depriving Germany and Japan of the power to launch another war of aggression.

There is a great deal to be said for Mr. Lippmann's contention that countries situated in a given region have a far greater interest in assuring the security of that region than if they were situated in another, far distant, region of the world. The United States is obviously more concerned with the security of Mexico or Canada than with that of Poland or Indo-China. But in the fluid world in which we live, a world brought close to every one of us by modern war and modern transportation, is it possible to draw the hard-and-fast lines suggested by Mr. Lippmann? True, the United States is directly interested in Mexico and Canada but, as events have all too tragically proved, it could not, if it wanted to, remain disinterested in Poland or Indo-China. Similarly, while Russia is more closely concerned with Poland and Bulgaria than we are, it has indicated in no uncertain terms that it does not intend to be left out of developments in Italy or Latin America.

Mr. Lippmann's book, whether he intends so or not, proposes a new balance of power—not between nations, but between regions: a balance of power so delicately poised that, like a glass house, it could be shattered by the slightest blow. Mr. Lippmann himself points out that one move by France in the direction of Russia, or of some country in Russia's orbit in the direction of the Atlantic Community, would throw out of gear the intricate mechanism he so elaborately describes and so eloquently advocates.

Is it really conceivable that masses of people—especially, as must be hoped, masses of people educated in the concept and practice of freedom—can be

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Close-up of a Cauldron

HEADQUARTERS BUDAPEST. By Robert Parker. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1944. 345 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IN 1937, Tibor Eckhardt, "the energetic leader of Hungary's Independent Peasant Party," attempted to promote the restoration of the monarchy in Hungary, with Otto as ruler. Dr. Eckhardt recognized the precarious position of his country, caught between the pincers of Pan-Sovietism and Pan-Germanism. He believed that restoration "might weld a defense against Nazism."

Otto's mother, unfortunately, laid down conditions. "Zita ruined the whole idea, however, by publicly stating how much income Otto must have and how many castles he would require. Those Hungarian peasants who had a little land immediately saw it being taken away from them. In May, 1939, the idea of a Hapsburg restoration had become ridiculous." Thus collapsed another abortive attempt to stop the Nazi march down the Danube.

"Headquarters Budapest" presents a fascinating war-time close-up of one of the most important and colorful regions in the world, Central Europe and the Balkans. In this European powder barrel many wars have ignited. World War I exploded there and a dynamic phase of World War II blew up there when Hitler invaded Poland. Without the oil and food of Rumania, the minerals and timber of Yugoslavia, the wheat and bauxite of Hungary, the wool, cotton and chrome of Turkey, the raw materials of Bulgaria, Hitler would hardly have dared to plunge Europe into war. The products and man power of this region have made it possible for the Nazi war machine to keep on functioning for nearly five years. Yet the average American knows virtually nothing about the peoples, politics, economics —even the geography—of this area.

Robert Parker does a top-notch job in introducing the average American reader to Central Europe and the Balkans of World War II. Too many of the books on this subject have been so ponderously written that only specialists would work their way through them. "Headquarters Budapest," while laying no claim to being definitive, brings into close focus the tragicomedy that has gone on playing almost unnoticed behind the curtain of headlines about Russia, Italy, Western Europe, and the Pacific.

Those who know Budapest will remember it as one of the most delightful cities in the world. Its position astride the Danube, its coffee houses, gypsy music and atmosphere—part Occidental, part Oriental—make it a setting for romance rather than politics. Yet in recent years it has been the setting for a grim political struggle, a struggle that still goes on between the Nazis and their Hungarian allies on one side, and the anti-Nazi and pro-democratic Hungarians on the other.

Mr. Parker's volume covers a lot of ground outside Hungary too. The pages on Rumania stir with all manner of excitement—mystery, intrigue, and violence. Here is Bucharest's famed Athenée Palace Hotel. "Take a walk around the lobby. See that little bearded man reading a Greek newspaper in the corner? He looks like an Athens tobacco merchant. He's a member of British Intelligence. . . . The bartender works for some foreign government, nobody knows which—probably two or three at the same time. That man over there by the door —that bent little man with the baggy clothes—is one of Roumania's wealthy oil men, a close friend of Elena Lupescu."

There is plenty of humor in "Headquarters Budapest." King Carol furnishes his share of it, especially in the audience he gave Mr. Parker. Somebody got things mixed, and the American correspondent was ushered into the royal presence while His Majesty was riding a mechanical horse. "The clatter was terrific. Around him (King Carol) was a little group of men in knee breeches holding towels. One had a bucket of water and occasionally would fill a sponge and squeeze it over the rider's head."

The dreadful tomfoolery at the Rumanian court was actually a profound tragedy for millions of people. The Nazis took advantage of the corruption, misgovernment, scandal, and confusion to tie this unhappy land tightly into their *Grossraumwirtschaft*. Rumanian oil powered planes and tanks that have lengthened American casualty lists in Italy and France.

This volume has the best description that I have seen of the atmosphere of Poland in the summer of 1939. Today, it all seems fantastic. The Poles were standing up to the Nazis. For that they deserve high praise. Their courage was unquestioned. But they were carried away with delusions of their own military power. The Polish public, even Government officials, expected the Polish Army to march straight to Berlin.

Mr. Parker writes: "I found the confidence of the Polish army in its own might was shared by the American Embassy. Ambassador Biddle declared his belief that the Polish army could hold out indefinitely if Hitler were

Robert Parker

so rash as to provoke a conflict. . . . Only Second Secretary Harrison held an opposite opinion and he was laughed at as a confirmed pessimist." It was all part of the incredible background of World War II.

There are times when one wishes that the author had included some documentation in his highly readable chapters. He could have managed it without slowing down his fast pace. Every once in a while the reader encounters a statement that brings him up short. For example: "Odessa on the Black Sea was Russia's only ice-free port." In another place: "Any American boy could have pretty nearly thrown a baseball across the Danube at the Roumanian-Bulgarian frontier . . ." And again: "Four Poles out of every five were illiterate."

But such statements detract little from an exceedingly valuable book. They can be easily corrected in the next edition. On the larger issues Mr. Parker speaks with authority. He was Eastern European chief of the Associated Press for two critical and dramatic years, 1939 to 1941.

In his final chapter Mr. Parker talks about future world peace. He abhors spheres of influence and warns that if our leaders have divided the world into such zones "you'd better plan on your children and grandchildren going to war." He is concerned about our foreign policy. This is "not something that is cooked up after victory is won. A foreign policy is the reason for fighting in the first place. When diplomacy fails to carry out foreign policy, the armed forces must take it over. Either we have a foreign policy and are fighting to carry it through or we don't know what we are fighting for." And he outlines a long-term program aimed "to cut down the possibility that World War III will start in Eastern Europe."

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"Special Police Duty" in Prague

THE FIRING SQUAD. By F. C. Weiskopf. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 264 pp. $2.50.

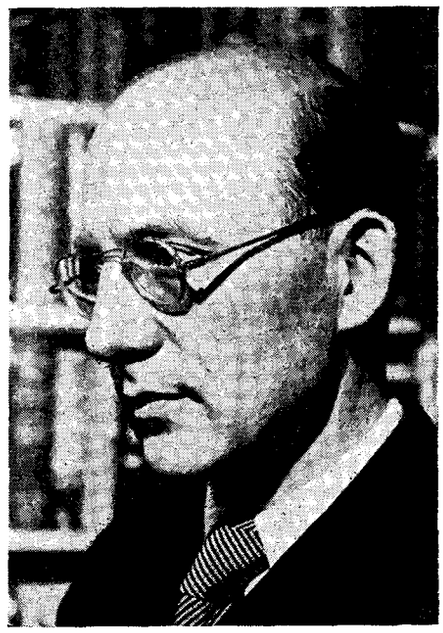
Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE German Army is not annihilated yet, the Nazi party is still in the saddle—and already a certain sympathy for legalistic subtleties seems here and there to weaken the resolve that no fascist criminal, whether big or small, shall escape from just retaliation. The question of individual responsibility, or rather non-responsibility, on the part of the underlings may be relied on to make its appearance on the legenda of tomorrow's tribunal. And the established concept of military obedience and subordination, applied to the armed forces and para-military formations as well—and which group in Germany couldn't be termed as such?—might well succeed in narrowing the circle of those to be blamed to a comparatively insignificant number of figureheads. Already the deeply hurt sense of justice, which burns in the hearts of uncounted millions, is likely to be called in some quarters such names as "thirst for vengeance" or "personal hatred." Yet lasting peace will largely depend on a vindication of man's sense of justice—which is about the last vestige left among Occidentals of universal spiritual values.

Some such timely thoughts may have moved Mr. Weiskopf, a German-writing poet, author, and newspaperman of Czechoslovakian extraction, to write this novel of criminal underlings. It is all about the experiences of a small group of German soldiers assigned to "special police duty" in the Prague of 1942. These men are anything but uniform in their speech and behavior; the features of their class individualism are still apparent beneath the surface of their preparedness to make the best of their situation, and give a hand in what they themselves call "Heavenly Transports." There are differences in their cynicism and moral indifference, and these distinctions account for the degree of their failure and their ultimate fate.

The author presents a gallery of six of them. Against the sombre background of the enslaved town he unfolds their life stories, as seen in the mirror of their hideous job, their talks, and what little private doings are left to them. It has to be admitted that the chosen types are no longer wholly unfamiliar to readers of anti-Nazi novels—from the disgusted, melancholy aristocrat to the young dyed-in-the-wool fanatic. But Mr. Weiskopf manages nevertheless to produce a highly credible, impressive picture of German depravity and German misery. There is practically nothing of the usual underground stuff in his novel, and, what is even more to his credit, his own emotion hardly ever gets the better of him.

The story is told by one Pfc. Hans Holler who—after the squad's disbandment, and his joining a fighting unit again—has been taken prisoner, and now dictates his memoirs to a Russian hospital nurse. That form has its natural drawbacks; for—to use Goethe's words which the soldier-narrator is quoting himself—"every man commonly shrinks from casting out the idols he worships in his soul, from avowing a major error, from admitting any truth that might bring him to despair." Thus, Holler's moral growth, his final knowledge of himself and the world he lived in, seems at times to be projected back into the description of how he felt when he did service in Prague, and by necessity had his share in the brutal wholesale revenge for Heydrich's assassination. In short, he appears to the reader from the beginning as not too unlikeable a fellow. His final outcry for atonement and new hope becomes convincing despite its dramatically heightened accents which are somewhat out of tune with the uninhibited realism which has characterized his horrorful report.



—*Fred Stein*

F. C. Weiskopf

Self-purification, then, Mr. Weiskopf seems to say, must precede or even substitute for punishment and retaliation. This is a noble thought—and broadened in its application to the whole national body, less romantic than it may sound. For the political term for national self-purification is revolution.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ANTECEDENTS OF "IT"

This week's quiz consists of twenty quotations from as many well-known poems, all of which contain the pronoun "it." All you have to do is to identify the object to which "it" refers. Allowing 5 points for each antecedent correctly named, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 25.

1. He left it dead and with its head he went palumphing back.
2. In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, it perched for vespers nine.
3. It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.
4. Sturdy and staunch it stands.
5. The next night it came again with a great awakening light.
6. Its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness.
7. Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, in full glory reflected now shines in the stream.
8. So they took it away, and were married next day by the turkey who lives on the hill.
9. It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
10. It was built in such a logical way it ran a hundred years to a day.
11. It stands in the Comitium, plain for all folks to see.
12. And he kissed its waves in the moonlight (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
13. It sits looking over harbor and city on silent haunches and then moves on.
14. It seemed to say, "Repay, repay," and my eyes were blind with blood.
15. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath.
16. It is the star to every wand'ring bark.
17. Old Kaspar took it from the boy, who stood expectant by.
18. On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung, and over the waves its warning rung.
19. It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell.
20. Ever its torn folds rose and fell on the loyal winds that loved it well.

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Strictly Personal . . .

THIS time, I'm told and you're told by a wide variety of men of good will who still possess the hope of enduring peace, we're not going to fail to assume our responsibilities in the world. We remember our mistakes. We are learning more about the whole earth.

There is a good deal to what they say. Giving hell credit for its facilities, any citizen who hears the radio, reads the newspapers, or listens to his neighbors must admit that World War II has turned our earth into the greatest geography classroom in the history of mankind. But sometimes a new awareness of the existence of Yawata and St. Lo does not seem to be accompanied by any better understanding of St. Louis, Yonkers, or Gopher Prairie. We acquired a lot of geographical knowledge in that other war, too, even if we couldn't pronounce it. We became better acquainted with other nations even if we were not willing to trust them. But the important thing we are not remembering, it seems to me, is that we not only didn't trust other nations that last time but that we came to peace not liking America very much either—or saying we didn't and saying it in print.

Henry Cabot Lodge is a dead politician and Sinclair Lewis is alive and quite able to answer back as he indicated to Mr. Bernard DeVoto in *The Saturday Review of Literature* some weeks ago. I am not seeking any of the spanking Mr. DeVoto got. But I do set down the fact that "Main Street" was published just about a year before the American Government acted to end the state of war existing between the United States and Germany. Mr. Lewis wrote an honest, significant novel, but it was a novel which met an American mood which seemed equally disillusioned about world collaboration and life at home. The old home town was ugly as hell. And the bigger town was, if possible, more unpleasant, as "Babbitt" indicated two years later in 1922.

Other writers and intellectuals who followed seemed ready to give America back to the Indians, while they, as many of them did, went off to Paris. Harold Stearns and thirty other American intellectuals in a big book called "Civilization in the United States" came to the decision that "the most amusing and pathetic fact in the social life of America today is its emotional and esthetic starvation." Henry L. Mencken, as the intellectuals' prophet, did not believe that "civilized life was possible in a democracy."

It is easy to look back, as some have done, in hindsighted condemnation of these gentlemen. Most of them do not deserve it—even Mencken at his loudest talking about the "bilge of idealism" in America. They were, to use their own most hated word, reformers of an America they adored, angry idealists in a nation which they felt phonies and fanatics had distorted. The picture of America they drew was, nevertheless, not inspiring. And the picture they drew was the popular intellectual pattern of the time.

In human geography I think that impression of a dull, mean, and futile America was more important in America than American distrust of other peoples. We didn't even seem to believe in ourselves. I think that is the greatest danger now of a people naturally preoccupied with maps about places where Americans are making drama and facing death. We make a strange separation between heroism and home. It is, of course, not strange. Truk and Guadalcanal and Cassino headline the distances, but there is some home geography in half-buried paragraphs like this one from the story of the B-29 raid on Yawata:

> Captain Edward Fuller, twenty-five, of Mangum, Oklahoma, never takes his eyes off the dials showing gasoline consumption and the engines' performance. Pfc. Dean Tanner, thirty, of Athens, Texas, keeps his ears glued on the radio. Staff Sgt. Carl Brown, twenty-seven, of Winfield, Iowa, Senior Gunner, chatters constantly with the other gunners, keeping them alert for would-be interceptors.

Mangum, Oklahoma; Athens, Texas; Winfield, Iowa—each of them is Main Street, U. S. A. They are the places where the people were dull and captured in their own prejudices. None of them were towns ever noted for the nutriment they furnished to the emotional and esthetic lives of Americans.

Mangum, lying between forks of the Red River, doesn't seem very lively in the available records. Before there was any war to take Captain Fuller off to fly a B-29 over Yawata, Mangum dropped in population from 4,806 in 1930 to 4,193 in 1940. It couldn't have been a very stirring place. Sergeant Brown's Winfield, in East Iowa, has grown to a population of 864, an increase of forty-four persons in forty-four years, including Sergeant Brown. Private Tanner's Athens sounds livelier but Mr. Mencken probably would not have been impressed by its Texas booster slogan that it is "Noted for Peaches, Pears, Potatoes, Peanuts, Pigs, Pottery, and Poultry." It boomed 300 in population in the decade before the war to a grand aggregate of 4,765 people.

IT is a funny thing that such towns should send the men to bring Yawata into our geography lesson. It also seems a little strange that hundreds of such little towns and the equally dull-described if more noisy canyons of apartment house streets in big cities should be the stuff of homesickness to men on the beach-heads, on the ships, and in the planes.

At home a lot of those home places don't look pretty now. Some which were pleasant to look at have been distended now by new war activities. Also, to be honest, those of us at home know best that the ineradicable meannesses of men and women remain in them even while their citizens contemplate the almost miraculous heights and distances attained by their sons. Main Street and big town, the States and the Nation still contain all the aspects of human unpleasantness any literate person ever found in them after the last war. Indeed, sometimes at home we seem to be improving and increasing the old sins and idiocies. The absentees, and chiselers, strikers and profiteers, the big and little new rich, the new expense account plutocrats, the operators and patrons of black markets, the hate-everybody boys are part of our present and permanent human geography. Mr. Mencken's homo boobiens, his gaping primates, and his anthropoid rabble can be found by those who look expectantly for them on the American scene in 1944.

There is, however, evidence enough—and not merely in one B-29 sailing over Japan—that the America the intellectuals distrusted had human qualities in it which must now be something of a surprise even to the intellectuals. Main Street, U. S. A., is home town on a multitude of fronts and Main Street, U. S. A., was the final balance thrown into the strength of that part of the world which is

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determined to be free. God knows we haven't sent millions of angels to war. There are bomber pilots with the souls of small-town note shavers. There are American soldiers fighting for freedom who were born to be slave-drivers, Ku Kluxers, demagogues, and just plain delinquents. Also a substantial body of sons-of-bitches remain in civilian America. But nothing is so clear as the mass fact of American courage, skill, and strength. Neither boom nor boondoggling has destroyed them. The towns of the men who possess them didn't starve them into deformity. And at best and at worse they represent their towns.

Those towns, the cities, the diverse States and regions in America deserve consideration in our new preoccupation with geography. Cassino is not merely a ruined town in Italy; it is a place also bloodily marked with the courage of Gopher Prairie. New places have come into our language but the important thing is that Main Street has run across the Atlantic and Pacific, across Africa, into the hills of Italy, and through the forests of Normandy. It is a good street from a good America and it leads, if it leads anywhere, to American faith in America itself, as well as to American willingness to share its responsibility for peace in all the distances in which Americans now fight for freedom and victory.

It is going to be sad certainly if America should withdraw from its responsibility in the geography of its courage into the shell of its ancient suspicions. But it is going to be a home tragedy, which contains the world's loss, if it loses again the elation about its people and its land and their possibilities together which from the beginning has been the shining substance of the American strength and the American dream.

JONATHAN DANIELS.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 536)

S. SASSOON:
RHYMED RUMINATIONS
(SILENT SERVICE)

Now for a sunlit future, we can show
The clenched resolved endurance that defies
Daemons in dark—and.....go
With earth's defended freedom in our eyes;
In every separate soul let courage shine—
A kneeling angel holding Faith's front line.

Population as the Key to Peace

THE FUTURE POPULATION OF EUROPE AND THE SOVIET UNION: POPULATION PROJECTIONS, 1940-1970. By Frank Notestein and Others. Princeton: League of Nations Publication. 1944. 294 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

THE time is not far when every candidate for office in the State Department and any serious student of world affairs must know the basic concepts of this first comprehensive study on population projections. Those are strong words. But I want to emphasize at the beginning that this book, representing the joint efforts of the staff of Princeton's Institute of Population Research, is one of the few decisive documents to serve

—*Thomas in* The Lynchburg (Virginia) News

"A ball and chain can become a weapon."

as guide for the peacemakers. It should play an important role in shaping long-term politics of the governments and in planning for the reconstruction of the world.

For a long time, the statesmen, generals, and the people in the great nations of Europe, for instance in England, France, and Germany, have been aware of the fateful role which population changes were playing in the Europe of the twentieth century. The fearful fact that the nation had become a "People without Youth" was felt most strongly in Germany where the slogan "Volk ohne Jugend" became one of the loudest battlecries of Hitlerism. We may even go so far as to assume that Hitler's awareness of the pending decline of Germany's population and of the fateful discrepancy between the shape of population in Germany and in the Soviet Union determined his decision to attack the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. He must have felt that it was the last desperate chance to stem the rising of manpower in the U. S. S. R. We know today that it was too late.

In the country, only scant recognition was given to the fact that the curve of Western populations, rising with early industrialization and leveling off as higher standards of living and education change the customs and patterns of society, included the people of the United States. Only little did we recognize that the post-war settlement, to be just and durable, must take account of the shifting demographic and technological setting in the world at large. Hundreds of books and articles on post-war reconstruction were published whose authors were united in overlooking entirely the relation of power and population change. In the future, their reviewers will, I hope, take the unhappy authors by their ears for such sins of omission. In order to appreciate fully the scope of this demographic study on Europe and the U. S. S. R., it is well to remember the tremendous pace of population expansion in Europe which, in the modern era, accelerated with the passage of time. More people are alive in Europe today than existed in the entire world at any one time prior to 1650. Europe's 540 millions in 1939 were the descendants of about 100 millions living in Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century. Since 1850 the population has doubled, since 1800 it has trebled, and in the last three centuries it has increased more than fivefold. This growth, which reached its greatest tempo in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, is rapidly fading today. According to the cautious projections presented by Notestein and his team in their book, the implications of present trends point to the cessation of European population growth and to decline, within a generation, in Europe outside the Soviet Union.

This decline need not surprise us. In fact, that Europe should reach an end to rapid population expansion was a foregone conclusion. No continent can continue indefinitely to increase at the rate Europe was growing in her phase of the industrial revolution. Had the rate of increase throughout the past two thousand years been that of the past century, there would be ten trillion people alive in Europe today, a figure five thousand times that of the present population of the entire world, with an average density of population throughout Europe somewhat greater than that of Central London today.

The rapid growth of population which is always associated with the

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first phases of industrialization and urbanization has come to an end in Europe. We may call the present phase of Europe's biological structure a phase of maturity; others speak of winter and decline. Whatever the conclusions—conclusions valid for the fate and fortunes of our Republic!—we can no longer neglect the fact that Europe has entered her era of stationary, if not actually declining, population. All Europe west of the Soviet Union is heading ultimately for population stagnation or decline and this trend will be strongest in Northwestern and Central Europe. The war will accelerate this trend downward rather than upward and, in striking contrast with the past, Western Europe will no longer face the problem of providing living space for constantly growing millions. The East has entered the decisive phase of its industrial revolution. In the decades to come, Eastern Europe will expand in population in relation to the West. To meet this situation some eastward movement of capital and some westward march of population would seem to be necessary. Thus demographic factors in Europe as a whole as well as determinants of economic and political change lead to the conclusion that Eastern Europe is destined to play a greater role in the Europe of the future.

Our interest is in the next few decades. By 1970, the shape of populations to come will, in the European theatre, be determined by the biological structure of the U. S. S. R. The projections of this book (supported by Frank Lorimer's important recent "Population of the Soviet Union") show that the U. S. S. R. in Europe is growing much more rapidly than the rest of Europe. Even if we take into account that the Soviet Union will ultimately follow the Western European pattern of fertility decline, the projections suggest a population twenty-five million greater than that of Northwestern and Central Europe by 1970. This war, as the experience of the First World War showed, will not be able to eliminate or to reduce decisively this trend. The Soviet Union will continue to grow and to grow rapidly in a continental area with ample living space in which to expand. Again, if we look at Germany and the U. S. S. R. in their relations a few decades hence, the language of our projections is eloquent: by 1970, the U. S. S. R. will be the only industrialized nation in Europe (and perhaps in the world) with a substantial arsenal of youth. Forty-five per cent of her population today is under twenty years old; only thirty-two per cent of Germany's population is in the same group. In 1970 that forty-five per cent will have grown to military-productive ages while half the German people will be over forty. Could a future Hitler ever dream of striking against the U. S. S. R.? Hitler I was too late, probably forever too late—for by 1970 the total population of the Soviet Union, within her pre-war boundaries, has been estimated as being between 220 and 250 millions as compared with a Germany, truly a people without youth, of about seventy millions.

Such a sketchy description of some of the conclusions at which our demographers in Princeton have arrived might easily give the impression of the authors riding their demographic hobby too fast while magnifying the impact of the sheer force of numbers of people. In fact, they do not. One of the most impressive features of this study seems to me to be the very caution with which they approach their difficult problems. They are fully aware that the blood sacrifices of the war, forced and free migrations, changes in political frontiers, psychological factors determining the growth and decline of nations, and many other factors prevent any prediction of how many people will be living in any specified area at any specified date. As to Europe in particular, they also realize that the influence of Europe in world affairs has never rested alone on sheer force of numbers; in fact, the population of Europe has never been more than one-fourth of the world's total. Because they take cognizance of all these factors, the authors shy away from making bold predictions. They are content with projections which are based on certain necessary assumptions: 1) that there will be no migration across the national boundaries of 1937, 2) that the fertility and mortality trends which prevailed in the period between the two wars will continue, 3) that war losses will not change basically the projections. Obviously, the first two assumptions are false and the authors state this clearly. However, these uncertainties do not make the task itself impossible, for whatever the future brings, population change must start from existing age distributions. It must also be based on existing levels of fertility and mortality.

It does not seem likely, as Frank Notestein pointed out in a recent article in *Foreign Affairs,* that any nation of Northwestern and Central Europe will challenge the world again. Germany, like her Western neighbors, has passed the period in which she could become a dominant world power. The power and the interests of the Soviet Union are an adequate guarantee against a new German attempt at world conquest. The realities of the changing demographic and technological situation suggest that the danger of economic frustration in Europe is greater than that of another attempt of a would-be world conqueror.

The men at Princeton have rendered an important service to the nation. I hope they will continue their good work and supply the peacemakers of tomorrow with equally impressive charts and figures on population trends in other continents and, last but not least, in the United States. Only if the people of this country will become educated to an understanding of the demographic realities in the world, the vital truth of Shakespeare's words will be demonstrated in our time: "Men, at some time, are masters of their fate."

Through Hair-Pin Turn

By George Abbe

THROUGH hair-pin turn, by wooden rail and crumbling cliff,
Up through the ice-storm-glimmering curve of road
The cars go, helmeted and hooded for the climb.
Over them arch the wink and sparkle of low boughs
Shackled and groaning in their ice;
Shower the diamond chips around them—
Tinkle and stammer on the freezing windshield and the hood.
Ice nicked out clean and flipped from under furious chains,—
Tiny and anxious, creeping on the deadly glare,
Too close to edge, too near to cliff-rock leaning,
Yet up and up, the mudguards and the headlights sheathed and gleaming,
Thrust out ahead, picking their breathless way
Through death itself, and gray-dark storm of shining.
And then at last, the summit gap,
Cut deep through rock,
Where the blue sky looks through,
And the snowy sweep of Berkshires bound in sleeping.
The cars come, slowly, one by one, they reach the summit,
And poise between the world left and the world to come.

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The American Doughboy Writes Home

LETTERS HOME. Arranged and edited by Mina Curtiss. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 314 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN the spring of 1942, Mrs. Mina Curtiss, associate professor of English at Smith College, began to collect and ask for permission to publish letters written home by American servicemen. The fruit of her effort is the present volume, which contains some two hundred and fifty letters from some forty soldiers, sailors, fliers, and marines, most of them in their twenties, who came from many different levels and corners of civilian life, and from sixteen of our states.

Lawyer, fur worker, truck driver, teacher, farmer, musician, roller skater, butcher, printer—they were transformed into fighter pilot, paratrooper, gunner, medic, petty officer, foot-slogger, bombardier, machinist's mate, grease monkey, weather expert, tank commander. Three of them became lieutenants, the highest rank represented in the group; two or three of them were killed before their letters were edited, while others may well have died since. We see some of them only in the brief flash of a single message, while we follow others through months and years, from training camp to combat. But all these letters add up to a whole, and what they add up to is a composite picture of young America discovering itself and the world, experiencing a radical extension of thought and feeling, fumbling for words to express ideas that often seem too deep for utterance, and sometimes finding just the right words, that a professional writer would probably have missed.

There is not much of battle in these letters: a tank action, during the taking of Bizerte, stands out in the reader's memory as it might not have done had the competition in this field been keener. But hatred of war, both in theory and practice, makes itself heard again and again throughout the one-sided correspondence. A paratrooper writes, after his first action: "But I hate war! I'm sick of it already! How we all wish God will soon end the war." And a few days later he returns to the same theme: "We've only had a month of it in Sicily but I had my belly full. I don't want to be a hero—don't want any medals—just want this darn war to end soon so we can all go home and live a peaceful life." From a Field Service man in the Middle East, we read: "I hate this war not only for the horror it breeds but also the very reason behind its essence—on both sides." A medical technician says simply, "War is so foolish," while an aerial gunner can only trust in God "to bring this barbarism to a finale. It's so foolish, and worst of all so futile." Another airman writes from New Guinea: "It seems so hopelessly eternal, eons of torture that can never

be erased," and a tank commander, destined to die of wounds at the age of twenty-three, informs his family: "It's a very, very horrible war, dirty, dishonest, not at all that glamor war that we read about in the home town papers we read."

The enemy, on the contrary, evokes few expressions of hatred, and in one instance at least, in the breast of an anti-tank corporal who went through the Munda campaign, he arouses pity: "These Japs were well dug in . . . but they were subjected to such a merciless pasting from land, sea and air that in spite of myself, I often pitied them. For after all the average Jap fights because his country is at war, until he's cornered, after which he fights for his life like a cornered rat. Now tell me the big difference in his case and that of any given race or nationality."

Dreaming of home—of cold milk, cold beer, biscuits, and hamburgers—some of the military travellers still find themselves capable of a lively interest in unfamiliar lands and peoples; one youngster, for example, sends his mother almost an essay on the achievement of Zionist youth in Palestine. But there are others who, so far as travel is concerned, feel with the infantryman who writes: "Been across the Golden Gate Bridge and all over Frisco, Stockton, and Oakland. Don't like any of them. Rather see Buffalo Creek back in old N. C. . . . And another thing. Didn't like Texas worth a damn. Arizona wasn't so hot, only the desert. New Mexico was worse, and California is a question mark."

Readers who go hunting in this volume for "war aims"—aside from the omnipresent aim of getting home—will pick up a poor bag. There is practically no talk of the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic Charter, the Great Crusade, and the Brave New World.

But if the servicemen fail to formulate their war aims consciously and carefully, they make it quite clear, or many of them do, that they themselves are convinced they are fighting for good and sufficient reasons. And if their letters are innocent of world-thinking and world-planning, they leave little doubt that the future welfare of the United States is very much on their minds. Also their own future.

Interesting as is the picture presented by this volume, the reader must remember that it is a picture achieved by selection. One feels that this is, in a sense, a teacher's collection; that these chosen letters, for all their slipshod syntax and casual spelling, have all measured up to a certain standard of English Composition. Had Mrs. Curtiss dipped lower in the scale of literacy, she might have given us a very different, but equally revealing, book. It might not have made as interesting reading. It would almost certainly have made less comfortable reading.

Same Old Story

FULL OF THY RICHES. By Elizabeth and Margaret Ferrell. New York: Mill. 1944. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by L. R. NORTH

THIS is a harmless package of clichés, designed expressly for the gift-shop lending libraries. It is stocked liberally with the most familiar elements of the pseudo-historico-romantic novel, by GWTW out of Memphis Belle: the War (between the States), the Colonel (Culpepper, sir), the Lady (India Culpepper, red tassels on her boots, Quakeress with heart of flame), the Bold Rogue (lean, brown, dashing, ruthless Brian Kilpatric), the oil gushers, the frontier town, the muddy streets, the bawdy Chicago House—no need to lengthen this catalogue. It is known, workable stuff, like a selling campaign based on tested arguments. True, the Misses Ferrell are not as facile as they might be. The action creaks a bit and shows its age, the talk oozes in places. They have trusted to the good old story to see them through, and justly so. If you've liked it before you'll like it again; it's just as good as it ever was.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman — *Associate Editors*
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Harrison Smith
President
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BABY-KISSING THE PEACE

STATEMENTS in favor of international coöperation have become standard equipment for politicians, like kissing babies and supporting widows' pensions. Pressed by an anxious electorate for his position on the future of America in an interdependent world, the politician solemnly reaches down into his safety kit and comes up with what he hopes he can palm off as a glistening new gadget, which he proceeds to call "international coöperation."

But in too many cases, that gadget is nothing more than an old wrench with a new twist. For the plain fact of the matter is that "international coöperation" as a term has become a notorious catch-all as devoid of real meaning as it is readily usable. Even old-line isolationists and nationalists can utter it without gagging. When the *Chicago Tribune* says it is in favor of international coöperation you can be sure it doesn't mean that McCormick has been hit either by a revelation or a revolution; it simply means that the *Tribune* has found a Phrase and a Way Out.

Nor is the meaningless use of this term confined to the Troglodytes. A good many people who are sincerely in favor of an interrelated peace are using the term "international coöperation" as a two-word essay disposing of all the problems of the future. There ought to be a law to compel anyone who declares himself in favor of international coöperation to finish the sentence. We ought to require a verb and an object, perhaps even an adjective or two. What kind of international cooperation? Does our informant propose a world state or continental units or regional groupings or straight power politics or what? Does he mean by "international coöperation" that we will coöperate only on our own terms and when we are good and ready for it? Or does it mean that we have a specific responsibility to fulfill and in a specific way? Does it mean that we will join in an international rule of law with fixed obligations? Or does it mean that we will hold court all by ourselves, "coöperating" if the mood strikes us? Does it mean participation or observation? Organization or association? Consultation or convention?

The world has a right to know. It has a right to ask us to stop playing fast and loose with the issues of common hope and common survival. The world is sick of American platitudes and the extension of campaign oratory into the field of long-range planning among nations. And this applies to both our political parties.

The world is convinced of our ability to make and deliver the goods—using goods in the literal sense of tanks and planes and guns. It is convinced of our ability to deliver military leadership and military victories. But it has yet to be convinced of our ability to make good on our promises or even to comprehend exactly what it is we are promising. Once, not so long ago, we promised the world we would participate in a Permanent Court of International Justice. Both Republicans and Democrats endorsed it in their platforms. We even sent a delegate to The Hague for the purpose of helping to design the general structure of such a body along the lines of our own Supreme Court, our chief architect then being Elihu Root, one of the greatest authorities on international relations in American history.

That was our promise to the world—a promise of active membership in an organization noble in purpose and powerful in operation—all contingent only on our own support. But the promise was broken by a handful of men on the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations who stubbornly prevented the protocol from reaching the floor of the Senate—this despite the fact that it carried the approval of both parties. The Senate, too, was the graveyard of President Wilson's hopes for an organization of nations aimed not only at keeping the peace but at international health and progress.

Holder of at least two promissory notes that proved worthless, the world cannot be blamed for asking for something more than a statement of good intentions. It cannot be blamed if it says that we have to do more than mumble "international coöperation" by rote. It cannot be blamed for suggesting that this time we furnish a bill of particulars defining specifically what we propose to do or not to do; what we propose to give and what we propose to take; and, most importantly, how we propose concretely to translate our promises, whatever they are, into plausible reality.

Perhaps the only way this could be achieved would be by taking world planning out of American politics and by establishing it on solid ground where it would be subject to constructive changes, if needed, but where it would not become the proving grounds for partisan demolition crews. If this sounds as though we are asking for the moon, we had better begin baying now, for nothing less will give us even the skimpiest scaffolding for the structure of tomorrow. N. C.

A Bird Got into the Room

By Oscar Williams

LITTLE chimney bird, so smoke-dark in the white white room,
Flying in heart-rending circles under the square ceiling,
Your curious predicament has all the flavor of doom
Caught in this screened-in room, fluttering about and reeling.

You hurt your wings against the fixtures and the furniture,
And catch in the curtains that never felt anything but wind:
You are so ignorant of means and intent, yet so frantically sure
There is a way out to the sky that pulls at your little mind.

How can you know that flying away in this closed-in place
Is flying on a stone sea where things are sculptured in freak?
There are Armageddon edges, that hurt, to every inch of space,
Flying through a screen brings the blood spurting at your beak.

It would take scheming of which prophecy is but one ingredient
To realize that you could go out the simple way that you came;
In this trap of rules it is suicide to be free or disobedient;
Living in tight corners is a monopoly, man's specialized game.

But he is home, that owner of civilization, now he is here,
And finds you exhausted in a corner when he turns on the light;
His hand shall reach out in the room, close in on your fear,
And carry your trembling body off to the great door of flight.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Let's Start a Revolution

The author of the following letter is Picture Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

SIR: Several years ago in a lecture at Columbia University I made the assertion to an audience of doubting Thomases that photography had played an important role in improving the quality and clarity of type styles in all phases of publishing. Off-hand I cited in evidence a copy of Milton's poems (circa 1857) as against a modern edition. The cramped and tiny type style of 1857 would not be palatable to the public of today. In sequence I showed that as illustration improved the very type became bolder and the use of white space more liberal.

I then threw in a copy of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (June to November, 1854), the agate type and woodcuts of which were intended to be the family magazine for the enlightenment of a kerosene age. Contrast that, if you will, with a copy of today's *Life* and you must agree that good illustration forces the improvement of type styles and has had the effect of a wider diffusion of public knowledge.

All of this may be quite obvious to publishers who know how sweet are the uses of photography, but there is one branch of photography in which the publishing boys have missed the bus.

The photographs they offer the public of the faces of their writers, are, by and large, terrible. These pictures are dated, mishandled, and in no sense indicative of as much thought as type, paper, or for that matter, book jackets. Often the pictures of writers seem to be silly last-minute concessions, thrown carelessly into a spot on the back of the book jacket. Many of them are used again and again until they become as familiar as the Borzoi hound or the Simon and Schuster sower.

Why can't we get good pictures of authors? Day after day book reviewers and editors of book sections are faced with the terrible task of selecting from bad choices photographs of hackneyed faces to illustrate new offerings. In many cases newspapers have to fight the screen on a book jacket to obtain a picture of an author, there being no original print available. I speak with authority on this for it has been my humble lot for many years to deal with pictures of authors used with reviews in a large New York newspaper.

A great many of these out-of-focus Shakespeares fail to heed the example of that wily old fox in tweeds, G. B. Shaw, who has used his whiskers for years to spread his good words. No, they go serenely on their way, offering publishers one, or at most two, "approved photographs." I know one case where the comely author of a best seller has had the same picture used so many times that reviewers are tempted to run the photograph sideways, just for the change. Apparently the publisher is told to go climb a tree.

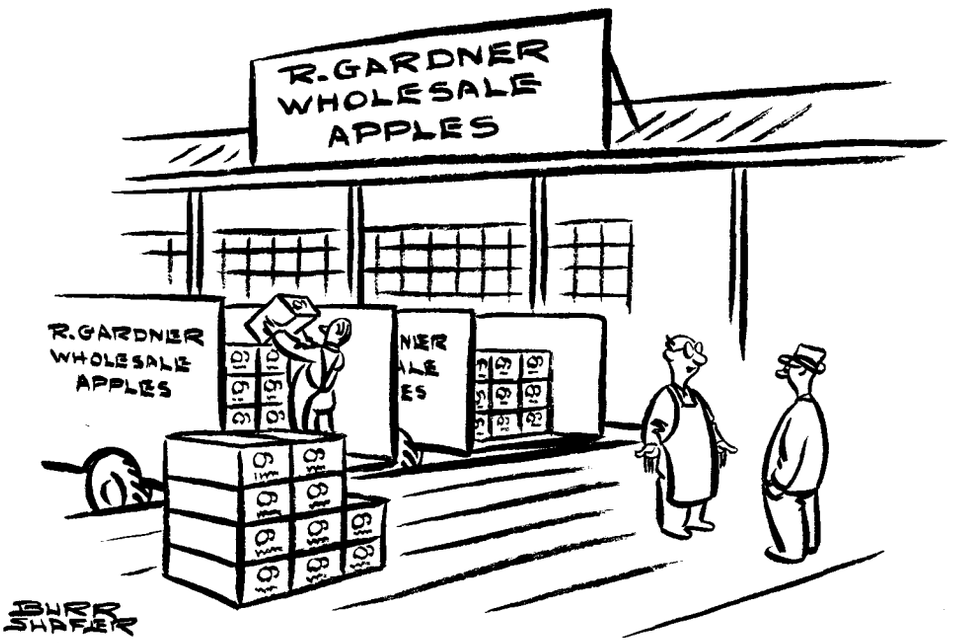
Must authors be posed with Dalmatians licking their faces? Must they be posed hundreds of yards away fuzzily in a rowboat? Must they be posed, like some bleeding heart, with thumb or forefinger indenting their cheek? Must they be posed like some bald-headed Rodin creation, eyes downcast? Must they be posed with the jutting bowl of a very masculine pipe burning under the photographer's nose and obscuring the phiz? Must they be posed with eyes upturned to Gabriel?

Lord, Lord, sometimes I am convinced that the F.B.I. or passport school of photography is, on the whole, better for common use as a one column newspaper cut. In my home I have a better picture of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, done by the collodion method in 1868, than many of these pictures of modern authors that are thrust at the public. Who wouldn't turn to Lana Turner!

Take the advice of a picture editor, you with the written message. Forget that immodest shyness you display to your publishers and agents. Have a clear, honest portrait made, a recent one. You no longer look like a sophomore at Amherst and that gay snapshot that Aunt Tilly took of you in your first summer in a Connecticut hammock won't do. Make your publisher pay for that new picture. It wouldn't cost as much as a couple of those squat tea bottles that he served at your last launching. But by all means get abreast of the times and get that kunckle out of your cheek.

If you don't believe me, ask the reviewers! RICHARD F. CRANDELL.

New York, N. Y.



"And to think a few years ago I was selling them individually."

"The Six Weeks War"

SIR: I note that Fletcher Pratt, in his review [*SRL*, June 10] of Theodore Draper's "The Six Weeks War," appears to scold Mr. Draper for not having made use of "either Vilfroy or de Chambrun, a couple of capital witnesses." The de Chambrun referred to is, I suppose, René de Chambrun, whose book "I Saw France Fall" was published in this country in 1940 or 1941. As everyone knows, René de Chambrun is Pierre Laval's fervent partisan, as well as his son-in-law, and he was his father-in-law's partisan at the time he wrote the book. This fact alone, I think, would disqualify him from being a "capital witness"; and the contents of his book, which I know well, scarcely inspire confidence in its author.

As I write this I have before me another volume on the "fall" of France, "Documents sur la Guerre de 1939-40, reunis par Louis Thomas." Like de Chambrun, Thomas witnessed his country's defeat; but unlike Chambrun's book, published (to the dismay of many friends of France) in New York by an American publisher, Thomas's volume has the frank imprint on its title page: "Paris, 1941." In other words, it was published under German occupation, with German approval. Mr. Pratt would probably not describe the author of such a book as a "capital witness." But I have little doubt but that his degree of "capitalness" and de Chambrun's are about equal.

It occurs to me that Mr. Pratt may consider de Chambrun a "capital witness" in the sense of being an authentic mouthpiece for Laval's side. If this is so, I of course agree with him.

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

LEWIS MILLER is the sales manager today of a sizable enterprise. In his salad days he covered New York State in a Model-T Ford and made his daily collections from customers en route. He was heading for home one evening with seven hundred dollars in his jeans when, just outside of Ossining, a man in shabby, ill-fitting clothes beckoned for a hitch. Miller stopped for him, and soon learned that his companion had just completed a ten-year stretch at Sing Sing for robbery. Suddenly he remembered the seven hundred dollars in cash in his pocket.

With what he considered a masterstroke of ingenuity, he pushed the accelerator all the way to the floor. The old Ford could still do sixty. A motorcycle cop could not be far behind; Miller would have police escort to the nearest station house.

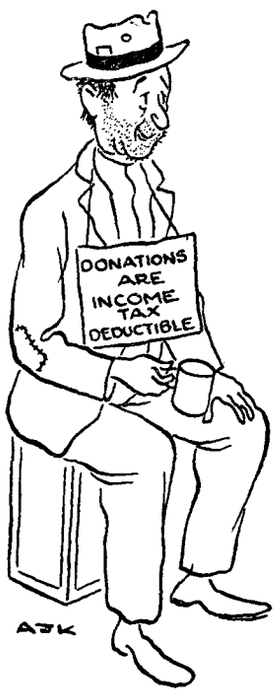
The motorcycle cop arrived on schedule, bawled the daylights out of him, and wrote out a ticket calling for his appearance in court the following Monday. In vain, Miller pleaded to be arrested on the spot. His passenger pulled his cap over his eyes and said nothing. Reluctantly, Miller started his car again. As they approached the darkest Bronx, he had already written off the seven hundred dollars in his mind.

Suddenly, the passenger announced, "This is it, brother." Miller stopped the car. His moment had come. The man in shabby clothes stuck out his hand. There was no gun in it. "Thanks for the lift," he said. "You've been very good to me. This is the least I could do for you." He handed Miller the motorcycle cop's black leather summons book. . . .

LONG BEFORE the completion of the "Dictionary of American English," Assistant Editor M. M. Matthews proposed a briefer work to the University of Chicago Press, to include *only* Americanisms—that is, original words made-in-America, or meanings that originated in this country. This work is now in progress. Mr. Matthews claims that there are twenty-two indisputable Americanisms in the paragraph that follows. If you can spot more than fifteen of them, you probably can get a job on his editorial board. The twenty-two words are listed farther down in this column.

Inordinate fondness for the almighty dollar had demoralized Frederick when he was hardly more than a tow-head. The black-eyed susans that in spring adorned the campus did not arouse in him any desire to pluck a bouquet for his best girl. The automobiles coasting slowly in the moonlight down the long hill leading to the ball park suggested nothing to him. He sat through lengthy lectures, along with other members of his class, without even aspiring for more than a C in the approaching examination. As for striving to become valedictorian of his class and thus bring credit upon himself and his fraternity, the thought never entered his head. Dreams of worldly success, of big money in his pockets, of coupons to clip, of political pull, of movie stars and starlets who would phone urgent invitations to a First Night—these are the things that Frederick thought about while his professor of sociology discussed the serious racial implications in a brawl at a black-and-tan the night before. Frederick was unconscious of the drama that had made page 1 of the morning paper. His wishful thinking acted as an anesthetic. . . .

I MET DOUGLAS MILLER for the first time the afternoon he joined me on the "Books Are Bullets" radio program. He looks so much like Sydney Greenstreet that I half expected Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre to follow him into the studio. Mr. Miller was our commercial attache in Berlin from 1925 until he quit in disgust in 1939. His "You Can't Do Business with Hitler" and the newly published "Via Diplomatic Pouch" (Didier) should be on the desk of every American delegate to the peace-making conference. On a sunny June afternoon in 1934, Miller sat helpless in his home while the victims of Hitler's "blood purge" were being shot a half block away. Every volley shook the house in which he was quartered. They did not shake his determination to tell Washington what he thought of the Nazi regime. The world listened—too late. . . . Here's a bit of hopeful news from Vienna. Authorities had to withdraw a new issue of postage stamps featuring a portrait of Hitler. People persisted in spitting on the wrong side. . . . When he was decorated for flushing fifty-one Nazis from a cave and taking them prisoner single-handed in Italy, Private Frankie Buonicore declared, "If I'd known how many Krauts was in there, I'd be running yet." Private Buonicore rates another decoration for the most refreshing honesty of the month, although I think he has disqualified himself for a job in a publisher's publicity department. . . . Richard Tregaskis, whose forthcoming "Invasion Diary" is touted as even more exciting than his "Guadalcanal Diary," has been a patient at Walter Reed Hospital, where a hole torn in his skull by flying shrapnel was patched by an effective new method. An oval piece of tantalum, the size of a tablespoon, one-fifteenth of an inch thick, was inserted in the bone, and secured as a glazier fits a piece of glass into place. Tantalum is pliable, relatively inert, and does not irritate human tissue, as silver and other metals do. At Walter Reed Hospital alone, more than forty serious head injuries have been patched by this new method. . . . Tregaskis's first question when he came out from under was "Is this metal bullet proof?" "It is not," said the surgeon. Tregaskis, nicknamed the "Eager Beaver" by General Clark, is going back to the front anyhow. . . .



CHARADE OF THE MONTH (originated by Bob Haas): Man enters room, rejects, one after another, a Lucky, an Old Gold, a Chesterfield, a Philip Morris. Question: what statesman does he represent? Answer: Mustafa Kemal. . . . Newsweek reports that one of the GIs who carried Sewell Avery out of his Montgomery Ward sanctum is writing a book. The title is "See Here, Private Enterprise!" . . . The first radio "commercial" song plug to become a hit tune is "The Prince George Hotel." ("Convenient, it's great; 14 East 28.") Believe it or not, people are staying up until 1:55 A.M. just to hear it over Station WJZ. . . . The T. Y. Crowell shipping department expects a visit from a tough top sarge now stationed in the South Pacific area as soon as the war is over. He sent a dollar for a copy of "Tall Tales They Tell in the Services." The volume he got was "Telltime the Rabbit."

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"I'll take your orders, gentlemen—but don't fret if we edit them a bit!"

. . . "Hidden Faces" has the Dial Press cutting out paper Dalis. . . .

COMMANDER WILLIAM C. CHAMBLISS has written a bang-up story of two Naval officers and a crew "brand-fresh out of those Navy schools that manufacture officers and sailors in three short lessons" who capture the Jap destroyer *Hokaidokaze,* transform it into the *U.S.S. Hokeydokey,* and put it to a spectacular use. Harcourt, Brace will publish the book on July 20; Fox has gobbled up the picture rights. . . . Alden Hatch's biography of General Eisenhower is Holt's headliner for September. . . . Charles Lederer, Hollywood writer and wag, is now a captain in India or thereabouts. A fellow officer was holding forth on how one of his men felt about him. "He worships the very ground I walk on," said the officer. "Yes," said Lederer, "but how does he feel about you?" . . . Lederer's wife, Virginia, incidentally, has a gay and frolicsome novel on the forthcoming Doubleday list. . . . The Book Shop, in Providence, has a sign tacked outside its shipping room that reads "Department of Utter Confusion." . . . Major John Bogle was quartered for a time in a small English village with a family who declared that they were intent upon learning the ways of Americans at home. The book they were using as a guide was "David Harum." . . . Harper's will publish Noel Busch's book on Roosevelt on August 2, under the title "What Manner of Man?" . . . Harper's also announce August 23 as publication date for the new Huxley novel, "Time Must Have a Stop." . . . The twenty-two Americanisms in Mr. Matthews's paragraph are: almighty dollar, demoralized, tow-head, black-eyed susans, campus, best girl, automobiles, coasting, ball park, lengthy, class, "C," valedictorian, fraternity, money, pull, movie stars, starlets, phone, black-and-tan, made, anesthetic. . . .

IF YOU WANT to make an unexpected guest comfortable at the dinner table, this is a good story *not* to tell him.

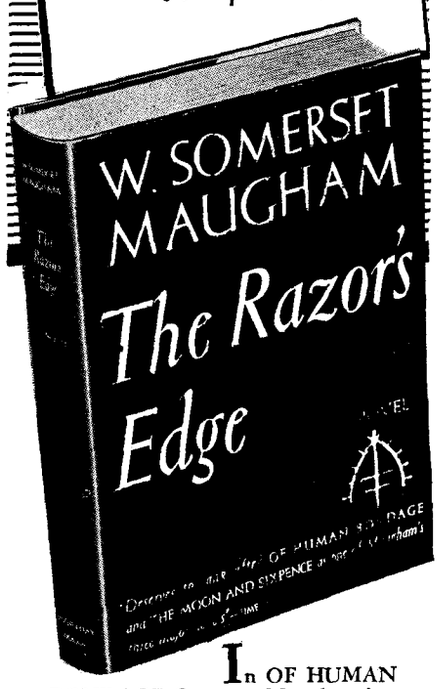
A man who lived three miles from the main road outside of Nyack left his house one afternoon at two, walked until he caught a bus, and rode on it to the Nyack ferry station. He took a ferry to Ossining, another bus to the railroad station, and a local train to Grand Central. There he transferred to a subway train for the end of the line at New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn, where another bus carried him nine or ten miles further. A brisk twenty-minute walk brought him to a solitary apartment house, where he climbed six flights of stairs and rang the bell of his friends, the Heimerdingers, just as they were sitting down to dinner.

"For goodness' sake," said Mrs. Heimerdinger, "what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Oh," he replied vaguely, "I just happened to be in the neighborhood."

BENNETT CERF.

"No wine so intoxicating, no love so shattering, no vice so compelling..."



In OF HUMAN BONDAGE, Somerset Maugham immortalized man's search for simple happiness. In THE MOON AND SIXPENCE, he unforgettably portrayed the restless seeking of an artist. Now, in THE RAZOR'S EDGE he tells the story of a greater, infinitely stranger quest, rooted in "a passion so overwhelming that beside it even lust and hunger are trifling . . . No wine so intoxicating, no love so shattering, no vice so compelling."

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The rare Maugham glimpsed only once or twice before in his most personal books, OF HUMAN BONDAGE and THE SUMMING UP."
—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. Post*

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—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

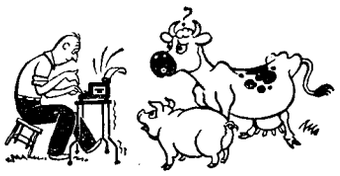
AS THIS ISSUE of Midwest B. N. goes to press, plans have been completed for the Bookmen's 37th Annual Field Day at Elmhurst C. C. near Chicago, on July 7. Congratulations to chairman Ralph Henry of Carson Pirie Scott & Co. for a swell job!

THE MIDWEST is going for Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd books . . . and with the latest, "*Presidential Agent*," many people are making all of them "keeping books."

Sterling North was master of ceremonies at the *Book and Author War Bond Rally* held in Chicago June 27. Martha Ostenso, Louis Bromfield, Col. Carlos Romulo, Carl Sandburg (and his famous guitar) and other writers came out of hiding to take part.

FROM CHICAGO AUTHORS: "Call It North Country" by John Martin, and "The Admiral" coauthored by Lt. Lauren Paul Healy and Luis Kutner.

Story behind "The Admiral": Kutner is friend and legal adviser to George Goodwin Dewey, son of Admiral Dewey. Kutner collected the admiral's private papers and letters from his client, obtained the cooperation of the Chicago Historical Society, asked the Navy Public Relations office to recommend a writer. Lt. Healy was assigned to the job.



John T. Frederick, BOOK WEEK columnist, professor of Modern Letters at Northwestern University, and radio conductor of "*Of Men and Books*," has retired for six months to his farm at Glennie, Michigan, for some writing of his own . . . with a "now if ever" feeling. However, he will continue to write his regular column for BOOK WEEK.

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CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN
and the Midwest
400 W. Madison St., Chicago
250 Park Ave., New York
NEWSPAPERS GET IMMEDIATE ACTION

Two Critics of Society

IT ALL GOES TOGETHER, Selected Essays by Eric Gill. New York: Devin-Adair. 1944. 239 *pp.* $3.50.

SIR MAX BEERBOHM; Bibliographical Notes. By A. E. Gallatin. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1944. 112 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

THE two books which I have brought together here, not without a little dubiety, represent two widely separated points of view. Sir Max Beerbohm is a witty, subtle, urbane observer of the human comedy, detached, missing no least foible in the literary and political pageant of his time. Eric Gill has the zeal of the missionary and the passion of the reformer. Both men write well and interestingly; both draw pictures. Here the likenesses end, and the differences, which are fundamental, begin. Because of both the likenesses and the differences these two books issued at this time may well be taken together.

Those who live in chronic rebellion against our mechanical age with its wage slavery, "industrial art," personal irresponsibility, capitalistic exploitation, and the worship of power have a sad time of it. Ethics has come to terms with the masters of the world. The times may be no darker than they have been, but in the blinding glare of the steel mills and the roar of an exploding bomb, matter seems to be the only reality. Even the prophets of the "good life" dream of an Age of Plastics, while our chaplains wear khaki and count fours.

But there are rebels who keep faith in a more orderly world alive, and one of the most uncompromisingly forthright was Eric Gill. When his life closed a few years ago, he left behind an amount of work in the arts —sculpture and lettering—which gave him high rank in English graphic arts. His type designs are original and forceful renderings of modern trends.

Gill was not a prolific writer, but what he wrote had point and punch. As a Dominican of the Third Order his ideas are heavily weighted with religion, and especially with the theological concepts of the Roman Church. He was a mystic with a hard core of common sense which would not allow him to traffic with commercial exploitation and blind worship of the machine. He felt that man's heritage and duty of personal responsibility were being lost and denied and he criticized society with vigor and honesty; and he felt, just as did the rebels of the nineties, that mankind had lost the Way.

This little volume of selections is a bracing antidote for the false gospel of "free enterprise," an elixir for those who watch with dismay the growth of "Fordism" and force. The essay on "Five Hundred Years of Printing" is the best thing written in the anniversary year: his essays on clothing are sound even if heretodox; his repeated emphasis on personal responsibility is salutary. No doubt the book will have a limited audience, but I believe it is the most stimulating book of the year.

Sir Max Beerbohm is no social reformer, and he is not a really good draughtsman. As a critic of society his talents lie in another field. He does not point the way to heaven—almost it may be said that he lifts the lid of the abyss. The humor of his drawings is ironic and subtle; they are done in an acidulous ink which etches below the surface. The extensive exhibition of his work recently shown at the Grolier Club demonstrated his talents as the greatest of the modern caricaturists.

I have wandered away from the subject of his new book, although its inclusion of ten of his drawings (and those, unfortunately, not the best) gives me some warrant. Those fortunate enough to be present at the opening of the Grolier Club exhibition heard from Sir Granville Barker a most exquisite appreciation of his friend. And I suspect that there are those who find in Max's writing more enjoyment than they do from his drawing. And for those who are not familiar with his literary output the present bibliography will serve as an excellent short title catalogue.

One must say that the printing of the bibliography is much too expansive. The titles are listed in large capitals with line-ending indicated, but this cannot give a just idea of the look of a title-page. Short of photographic reproduction, there is no better way to print titles than straightforwardly in capitals. Furthermore the type is too large and the leading too extensive: the result is a certain bloated appearance which does not become a bibliography. Such a book should be readable but compact, since it is first and last a work of reference. And as such the book is of importance, for Max is, as Barker observed, one of those men of our time so intimate a part of the social scene that as with "Winnie" and "F. D. R." the world tends to familiarity without impudence. His work endures not because of intrinsic importance but because it is a record of our times.

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Perelman Carries the Nation

CRAZY LIKE A FOX. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Random House. 1944. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE publication of a selection of S. J. Perelman's "best" pieces is the most ominous note in American history since the first arrow of the Seminole War whizzed through the Florida night air and found flesh. There is no mistaking the implication of the event. Perelman is turning his eyes to the past, and the future is lost. Secure behind a bastion of twelve million dollars, which he made in Hollywood in six weeks, he has begun to tear up his college notebooks, give away old sweaters, swear off opium, pay up his bill at the dry cleaners, and buy the French maid an annuity for her young son. In short, the old master—*absit omen*—is preparing to retire. Why else would his publisher give out with this forty-six course banquet, complete with dedication, title, and numbers on the pages?

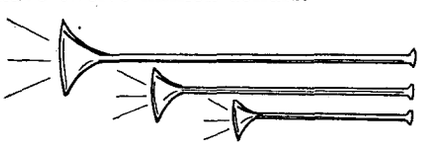
The immediate effect of the retirement of S. J. Perelman on a nation whose predominance in the world depends squarely on muscles and laughter, is apparent and appalling. The muscles can get along without him—he has been getting along on borrowed muscles for years, and moves most of the time on wire springs. But the laughter of the country is another matter. Perelman is America's funniest man, and those who grew up with him, through *Judge* and *College Humor* years, depending on him for strength to endure prohibition gin and speakeasy air, sustained by him throughout the potato famine of the early thirties, cannot quickly find another such singer of heart songs, another so expert at lashing the bloodstream into a wild, Kirghiz frenzy. If no more new Perelman pieces are to appear, what excuse will this ragged little band from the the fringes of schizophrenia have for rolling in the gutter and throwing harpsichords through the studio skylight?

Perelman's humor has always been therapeutic, a penicillin for the wounds which society inflicts on the ego and consciousness of the common man. Just as Fielding, when the reading world was sick to death of the scourge "Pamela," healed it instantly with a single application of "Joseph Andrews," so Perelman, as we reel to our bare pallets after a bout with Hollywood B pictures, a session with the latest batch of novels, or a fast look at the fashion magazines, comes with magic herbs and healing opiates. Soon we are hanging out the window again, leering at the passing schoolgirls. Soon we are able to face, again, the girls in the advertisement who point the certain way to *embonpoint;* able to hear, again, the unctuous voice of the radio, softly inquiring for our peristalsis.

Of course, the present volume of alchemical ointments may be the Philosopher's Stone; it may continue to work, in all emergencies, against all social bacteria. It is designed for some such epic service. It contains old and new favorites, and such supernal bits of satire as the pieces on Hollywood and the slick magazines—"Scenario," and "Second-Class Matter" (but there should be more like them, many more). There is the one that gets the old man so bad we have to send for the inhalator—"Hold That Christmas Tiger!" There is mom's favorite—"To Sleep, Perchance to Steam." There are those we all agree on—"the Body Beautiful," "Sweet and Hot," "Somewhere a Roscoe," "Sauce for the Gander," etc. (See Table of Contents for others.)

But one thing is certain, and in that fact lies hope for the coming generation, saddled as it will be with debt, mesmerized by electronics, transported by helicopters: Perelman's pearls wear well; in fact they improve with age, which for humor, a perilously temporal commodity, is extraordinary. His is, indeed, rare stuff, which is all the more reason why there should be more of it. As a citizen of the United States Perelman is a free man (providing he has twelve million dollars) and can do as he pleases. But in a democracy the people is sovereign, and the people, in an emergency which concerns its good, may sacrifice one of its number lest the whole be imperiled. Thus there is but one thing to do.

Perelman is the funniest man in America. Seize him, place him in a white-walled room, and put him to work, that in these hard days, and in the parlous times ahead, we shall have a handkerchief for our tears, and strange, mysterious lightning that strikes us in the street or in the home, so that we fall flat on our face, laughing, and have to be dragged out to the barn, to sleep with the swine and the hired man. We would do as much for him, if we could, and if he didn't have twelve million dollars.



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The Coming Out of a Recluse

HAWTHORNE, CRITIC OF SOCIETY. By Lawrence Sargent Hall. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1944. 200 *pp. xii.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

BIOGRAPHERS have always been puzzled by Hawthorne because he presents a personality problem which is virtually impossible of solution. He seems on the one hand to have been an eerie recluse and dreamer who meditated upon the sin of mankind and wrote moral allegories about a fictitious Puritan past. On the other, he is reported to have been a shrewd man of affairs, a keen observer and analyzer of his fellows, and a skeptical materialist. The two characters do not belong in the same man even though the facts support both interpretations. Hawthorne was both these people and perhaps some others, let his biographers and critics make of him what they will.

Perhaps the answer is that he began life as a recluse and, through sheer will power, forced himself to come to grips with the world. The result of this action was to provide him with the most impellingly tragic theme in the possession of any American other than Melville, as Matthiessen has recently pointed out. But his frame was too weak; he could not cope with the forces he had released.

The present study collects all the evidence on Hawthorne's dealings with the world outside of himself and analyzes his social attitudes. Mr. Hall points out that, in the decade of the fifties, he used his friendship with Pierce to its full practical advantage. In spite of protestation to the contrary, he obviously sought the assignment of the campaign biography and, in contrast to his early failures at making a living, he used his Liverpool consulship as a means of endowing himself and his family. In his private life, he learned to accept the competitive terms of American politics and to work them to his own advantage. In his public life, he subscribed to the theory of equalitarian democracy, with its faith in the manifest destiny of America to create a new social order in the world at large.

Mr. Hall's thesis is that this materialistic side of his character provided a "productive maladjustment" because "it contained enough idealism to render him acutely critical of society, but not so much as to make him reject it." His practical adjustment to the political and social currents of the times offset his instinct for withdrawal into the past and thus made his art socially significant.

In order to accept this thesis, however, one is forced to disregard chronology. Hawthorne's greatest fiction, "Twice Told Tales" and "The Scarlet Letter," were written before he developed his social philosophy and, during the decade when he was learning to deal critically with men and affairs, his art declined more or less steadily. His maladjustment was productive only when it was limited to the world that he knew, that of the individual soul. "The House of the Seven Gables" lost compact artistry because it shifted focus from the individual Pyncheons to the problem of social decay. "The Blithedale Romance," his one attempt to deal directly with a contemporary social problem, was successful only because it treated its subject in intensely personal terms and avoided the problem of reform as such. In "The Marble Fawn," the personal redemption of Donatello and his friends rather than the conflicts between American and European ways, between experiment and tradition, gives the romance its form and its power, and reclaims some of the old artistry. It is significant that Mr. Hall draws his evidence from letters, later notebooks, and the confused and unfinished final romances, leaving consideration of the major fiction for a postscript chapter and omitting altogether an analysis of "The Blithedale Romance." Howthorne's maladjustment was not productive when it ceased to be personal and became social. An equilibrium was established in the early fifties before the social critic had emerged. His adjustment to what he called reality may have been necessary to his personal sanity and it obviously made his life more nearly tolerable. But he had not the esthetic stamina nor the physical health to enlarge his scope and to remake his art as social analysis. Once he renounced his isolation, his decline as an artist began.

Mr. Hall's study is valuable in that it makes that decline more understandable and it gives credit to Hawthorne for achieving in his personal life a degree of adjustment to the world which is not apparent in his fiction and which has been underestimated by most other critics and biographers. It even gives him a limited value as a commentator on his times. But to make the thesis work, one would have to forget the final failures of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" and the other unfinished novels and to move the great romances to the end of his life. His disregard of chronology has led Mr. Hall to emerge from a thorough and admirable piece of research with all the wrong answers.

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(*Continued from page 7*)

contained indefinitely in such a manner except by the use of force? And if the four great powers appointed guardians of their respective regions must resort to force to maintain this balance intact, then how will the proposed organization advance international peace and stability? Mr. Lippman rightly opposes plans for a federation of European states which, he says, would not only be artificial, but would necessarily be dominated by Germany, since it would include neither Britain nor Russia. But his own plans for regional arrangements are even more artificial. His is a wholly static scheme, which makes no allowances either for changes of public opinion within nations, nor for controversies we all know exist between members of each given region—for example between Britain and the United States, the United States and France, and so on. Nor does he make it clear how these regional arrangements would, in practice, be articulated with an overall international organization.

The most questionable part of his book, however, is the section on this country's relations with Russia. Mr. Lippmann is to be commended for his attempt to look at Russia realistically, and to avoid the current tendency of permitting admiration for Russia's military prowess to obscure the profound differences that exist, and will continue to exist, between the American and Russian ways of life. But does it follow that the United States can ask Russia to alter its way of life as the price of our collaboration? What if Russia turned the tables on us, and proposed a similar bargain? Would we not consider this an intolerable infringement of our sovereignty, of our freedom to govern our internal affairs as we choose? Such a suggestion seems particularly out of place in a book which envisages the existence of a Russian Orbit, where Moscow's interests would presumably have the same priority that we or the British would claim for ourselves in the Atlantic Community. At the risk of pressing this point too far, is this not a graphic example, at the outset, of how difficult it will prove for each region to leave other regions free to work out their own destiny as they think best?

Mr. Lippmann has harsh words for Woodrow Wilson—harsher than the words used in 1919 by some of Wilson's enemies. One can certainly question, in the perspective of history, such Wilsonian doctrines as the self-determination of nations. One can also question the methods Wilson resorted to in order to persuade the American people to accept the concept of the League of Nations. But one need not be a supporter of a world state—how many responsible spokesmen actually do advocate a world state?—to feel that Wilson, with all his weaknesses and misapprehensions, came closer to the aspirations of human beings in our time than does Mr. Lippmann. No serious student of international affairs can leave out of consideration the factors of military power, strategic bases, economic potential; but neither can they leave out the factor of human welfare—and Mr. Lippmann's books, rightly or wrongly, convey the impression that international relations are primarily a matter of arranging and re-arranging patterns of power and, not, as they are, and must be, a matter also of relations between living human beings who cannot be juggled about like so many pieces of a vast puzzle.

According to the introduction to "U. S. War Aims," William Allen White persuaded Mr. Lippmann to write a sequel to "U. S. Foreign Policy." Since we are all interested in the growth of Mr. Lippmann's thinking on this crucial subject of our times, may one suggest a sequel to the sequel, which would indicate how nations could make the transition from a regional balance of power to that wider community to which men have aspired for centuries and toward which Wilson, however faultily, pointed a way?

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 55

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 55 will be found in the next issue.

WAS XYZBAWSCW DEFCASC ZG WAS HIYEJ ID WAIKBAW FYS ZGLINOESWS KGWZE WASP AFQS XSSG OYIQSJ WI AFQS WASZY LIKGWSYOFYWC ZG WAS HIYEJ ID DFLW.

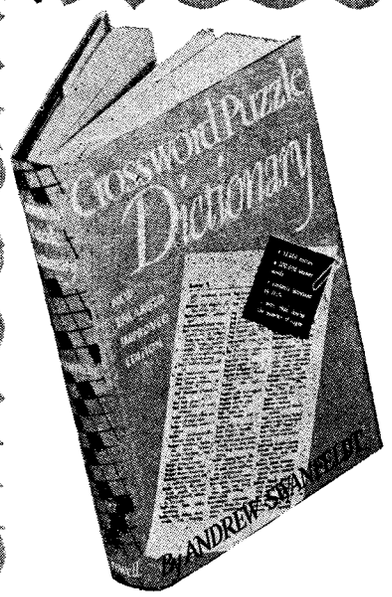
—CLZSGWZDZL NFWSYZFEZCN.

—RIAG WPGJFEE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 54

THERE IS NOTHING SO DESPERATELY MONOTONOUS AS THE SEA, AND I NO LONGER WONDER AT THE CRUELTY OF PIRATES. —LOWELL.

THE Crowell COLUMN



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Far Horizons in Books for Young People

FROM the days of Adam and Eve human beings have longed to see what lies just beyond the horizon. Young people, especially, no matter how commonplace, how trivial their daily lot, are sure that adventure waits somewhere, if only they can catch up with it.

In little children this feeling is often an urge to see "just around the corner." The house or even the yard of a new friend may hold wonders. The path that winds over the hill may lead to the solution of a mystery. When very young indeed, this reviewer remembers being told by an older brother, aged six, that he would take her to Heaven! After a walk, long for short legs, through hot streets and over sunny fields we arrived at the cemetery! This was, of course, disillusionment. But an imaginative child can stand a good deal of disillusionment and still believe in "just around the corner." No one has *written* this feeling that children have as well as Eleanor Estes in her books about the Moffat family. Read aloud to the children, or read to yourself for your own edification, the story of "Rufus M." Here is the dawning of that universal desire for adventure, that faith in the hitherto unknown that has made our great discoverers and explorers, our scientists and inventors. This feeling, matured and disciplined, is winning this global war.

Books can help enormously to encourage rather than to snub this eager curiosity, this faith in the unknown. They can bend it in the right direction. But they must be *good* books. They must be balanced, authentic, alive with the testimony of actual experience. Not so very long ago the explorers and pathfinders pitted themselves against two elements—land and sea. Now there is a third element—air. And the boys and girls have turned to it with their plans, their dreams, reading eagerly whatever they can get their hands on. Give them the best. Give them Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "Night Flight" and "Wind, Sand and Stars." They may not fully comprehend the poet and the philosopher, but they pay instant tribute to the flyer. Give them the old, authentic records like "The Oregon Trail" with illustrations by James Daugherty. Give them "Vast Horizons" with its vivid testimony on Henry the Navigator, Give them "Conquest of the Atlantic" and the moving, thrilling story of Captain Scott in the Antarctic. Get for the younger boys and girls stories like Louise Kent's "He Went with Marco Polo." Place within reach of the whole

—Drawing by C. B. Falls from "Vast Horizons."

family, old and young, the new testimony in books like "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Into the Valley." Under the stress of this war, young people are maturing more rapidly than in normal times. They are more sensitive to values. They will turn from "ballyhoo" to books, if the books are accessible—and well chosen. Books will help them to face the unknown values of a new world.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
SRL Children's Book Editor.

AT HOME IN THE SKY

PILOTS, MAN YOUR PLANES! By Frank W. Mason. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1944. 213 *pp.* $1.75.

HERE is our Army Air Force in two thrilling battles, one over the Mediterranean. In the Pacific battle there is a conflict of personalities, Captain Hugh Steel, who is experienced in combat with the Japanese fliers—known to the men of his Flamingo Squadron as "Squinties"—against Major Dexter, inexperienced, obstinate, and brave as a lion. In the Mediterranean battle Hugh has become a major, and we follow the story through one of his observers, Peter Corwin. If you can believe that pro-German fliers could pass as loyal Americans and turn the flight of five Flying Fortresses against their ally rather than against the enemy—then Peter's flight to the Brenner Pass, his discovery in mid-air of the betrayal, his battle to get back to the home field and warn Major Steel of the traitors is tense and exciting. It is like a good war correspondent's account of a battle that might well be going on as this review is written. Boys and girls who ask for books about this war will not put this one down until the last page is read. M. G. D.

THE MODEL PLANE ANNUAL. By David C. Cooke. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1944. 224 *pp.* $2.75.

The third annual guide for building model airplanes. It is more comprehensive than the others and is invaluable to boys who want to be avviators and are still too young to take the training.

NOW WE FLY. By Frank E. Sorenson and George E. Rotter. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 1944. 184 *pp.* $1.50.

An answer to the questions that everyone asks, either out loud or to themselves, before they make their first flight in a plane. It is definitely for the layman, and is simple enough for quite young children. The information is given in a pleasant, chatty manner and there are excellent photographs.

WING ON THE AIR. By C. M. Roan. New York: Bernard Ackerman. 1944. 60 *pp.* $1.

This, too, tells us exactly what happens when we are flying in a modern airplane. It is really a lecture addressed to the passenger and is more adult than "Now We Fly." It includes suggestions for a career in flying, either as a pilot or as a mechanic.

WHITE FREIGHTER

THE PHANTOM FREIGHTER. By Felix Riesenberg, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 180 *pp.* $2.

IN July of 1943 a freighter, painted white from bow to stern, from hull to bridge, slipped away from a pier on the west coast of North America and headed south, in convoy. Only a handful of men in the world knew why she was painted white, what was her mission. One of them was her one-armed commander, Captain Hull. Another a scientist in an eastern city. Another a famous chemist who for months had been absent from his classroom in an even more famous university.

Young Bob Nelson knew only a tiny fragment of the secret of the white freighter when he boarded her as second officer. But he knew Captain Hull. He knew that they were starting out on a dangerous and important mission.

Exciting as it is, this story has reality. It is obviously based upon knowledge and experience. On this voyage from the California coast to the An-

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tarctic, the rather melodramatic "spy" story is toned down, made convincing by the author's knowledge of the way of a ship at sea. Another thing that gives it reality is the fact that the full secret of that cold, lonely island in the far-south sea is never told. This war is not yet won.

M. G. D.

NANCY LEE'S VISIT

FAR FROM MARLBOROUGH STREET. By Elizabeth Philbrook. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 302 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a sweet, pretty story of travel in colonial days—1793 to be exact. Nancy Lee Wadsworth is to travel all by herself in a stage coach from Boston to Springfield, in order to deliver a tiny locked box to her Uncle Jonathon. The story "picks up" after chapter five, when the journey begins, and grows better and better. The people in the coach are interesting and jolly. The meals served at the inns make one wonder, "What price airplanes and civilization?". For breakfast there were platters of trout, steak, and bacon and eggs; for dinner sizzling, crispy brown roast beef, tureens of chicken and dumplings, golden and puffy . . . baskets of batter bread and corn bread . . . blueberry pies and hasty puddings."

Friendships were made quickly and easily and had a lasting quality which, for some reason, does not exist today. The talk in the coach was mostly about roads, how awful they were, how progressive Pennsylvania was with a turnpike, a wonderful new road that paid for itself in tolls. People in the coach and at the inns argued for and against turnpikes in Massachusetts.

The inns, indeed, were the most exciting part of travelling. In the evenings they were filled with laughter and talk, superb aromas and soft candlelight. Nancy was fascinated by the clothes the travellers from New York wore, and by the conversations about horse thieves. She always begged to stay up just a bit longer.

"It was fun to be traveling with father," said Nancy. "Seeing things with him made them look different somehow. . . . Father was always pointing out something new. For one thing father loved smells. And such odd smells! Now it would be the spicy odor of pines and hemlocks as the road passed through a wood. Then it was a plain little shrub growing by the roadside. No flowers at all—just bluish green foliage. 'Lad's Love,' they call it,' said father. 'It's the freshest, cleanest smell in the world, Nancy girl.' . . . Why, even the ploughed ground smelled good to father!".

ELIZABETH B. SPRING.

—Drawing by Marjorie Torrey, from "Far from Marlborough Street."

JASON COBB'S RIDE

STORM CANVAS. Written and Illustrated by Armstrong Perry. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1944. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS story of the War of 1812 opens with a wild night ride on horseback through the Connecticut countryside. Jason Cobb is determined to get away from the stepfather whom he suspects of being a traitor to his country. In the harbor not far away lies the United States frigate *Thunderbolt,* hemmed in by the blockading ships of the British Navy. Jason wants to reach her and her Captain.

The sea is in his blood. His mother is dead. He is torn with sorrow for her, with scorn for his stepfather, with anger at the theft of his small inheritance. Captain Tom Blythe's life was once saved by his father. Is he going to try to take the *Thunderbolt* through the British blockade? Through the tumult of emotion, the questions, the call of the sea comes to Jason, clear and imperative. By a sort of miracle he reaches the frigate and is on her when she runs through the blockade and sails across the blue Caribbean to Haiti. On board, too, is a Haitian aristocrat who is risking everything to appeal to Christophe, the Haitian King, for a treaty with the United States, for harbor for her ships in Haitian ports.

From the moment when Jason mounts his horse to ride away from the inn to the last page, this story never falters. It is swift, convincing, dramatic. Perhaps in certain places it is a bit melodramatic! And yet, anyone who studies the incredible story of Christophe knows that it is impossible to exaggerate the "pure theatre" of his reign. Even the Vodun woman, Zamballa, and her magic, is confirmed by writers who have made the native Haitians their theme.

The sea fight on the way home between the *Thunderbolt* and the *Lord Nelson,* a British ship of the line, is realistic and breathlessly exciting. Thinking of our great modern battleship, the *Nevada,* pouring shells into the Norman coast, of our great task forces in the Pacific, the realism of this battle more than a century ago is thrilling. Boys and girls will read the story of Jason Cobb because it will hold their interest all the way through. And they will be the wiser for it.

M. G. D.

NEW NORWAY

HIGH PRAIRIE. By Walter and Marion Havighurst. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 239 *pp.* $2.

"DOES the world never end, mother?," Guri asked as they were on their way to Red Wing, Minnesota, in a covered wagon. It was June, 1867, and the family—composed of Nils, aged ten, Guri, aged eight, and their father and mother, Peder and Karen—had come from Norway to settle in the Middle West. Was it any wonder that, after the long journey on shipboard, on train, and river boat, after six days on the wagon coming from the Mississippi, that Guri should ask such a question?

They filed a claim, raised a sod house, and settled down. They met other "Noskies," as the Norwegian settlers called themselves. They began to learn to speak English. But, after they had lost their wheat crop to the passenger pigeons, Peder began to grow restless. His imagination was fired by what he heard of Dakota. Relatives from Norway joined them and, together, they made the long trek up North. There in the great prairies of waving grass they settled again—and this time permanently. They never forgot the old country, though. They sang her songs and danced her dances at the weddings and the festivals. Norway was ever in their hearts.

The authors know well the background of which they have written. Walter Havighurst is the author of "Upper Mississippi" in the Rivers of America Series. In the adventure and the settling of this little family they have shown what endurance, vision, leadership, and imagination were necessary to make such an undertaking successful.

It is a rare picture of early life in the West.

MURIEL GILBERT.

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The Phoenix Nest

The Dewey Morn

HE wouldn't say Yes and he wouldn't say No;
He blushed and bridled; it just happened so.

We don't know what he thinks; we don't know what he'll do;
But, People, he's the man they have chosen for you!

Anything he's said could most anything mean—
But he is the choice of the Big Machine.

He fears to offend; he trims and he halts—
Give us a Man with a few big faults!

A Man who has Vision, a Man who has Range,
One who knows the wide world, and doesn't fear change!

A man who speaks out without fear or favor—
Not a Time-Server—an Old Guard's Life-Saver!

Not a Cagey Clarence, not a Play-Both-Ends,
Not a Man-with-a-Smile-who-wants-to-be-Friends.

The Future thunders upon iron gates.
Now abides the issue. The whole world waits. . . .

And the keynote-speaker begins to speak,
And the old plank-pledges creak and creak

With high protective tariffs for the big corporations,
And Something Something and a New League of Nations,

(*Remember Harding?*) for the rich, less taxes;
For "social advancement" just a whetting of axes

Behind big gas-filled barrage-balloons—
A new juke-box, with the same old tunes;

The old stale issues just as dead as mutton;
The Boys with shrewd eyes playing Button Button;

The false fanfare and the big brass band—
While the great seas roar and there's Death on the sand!

Ah well, it's the Good Old American System!
But the Politicians—can't say we've missed 'em

Since the Faith of Man was a fire by night
And we found a Cause for which to fight,

For which to fight and for which to build
With men of vision, great-souled, great-willed,

Men for Mankind . . . *Do you see them here?*
Delegates All, get set to cheer!

"Republicans Make Quick End to War Their Battle Cry." So, they're going to speed up Eisenhower! "Platform Makers Rush To End Draft." For a moment, just a moment, I thought Gerald K. Smith had taken over! The Republicans' war-cry reminds me of Henry Ford's old slogan, "Out of the Trenches by Christmas!"

Things look good though, very good—in Europe—in spite of Isolationists, Republican, or otherwise.

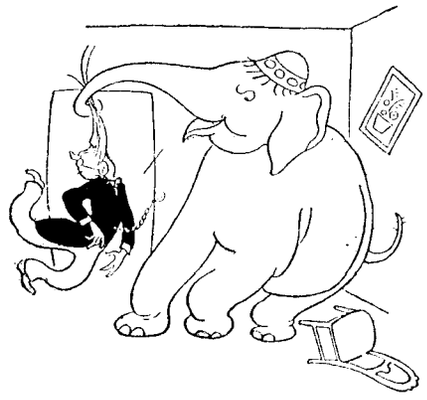
A recent editorial by me, on the late William Ellery Leonard, poet and teacher, has brought interesting letters from the following:

Miles L. Hanley, University of Wisconsin, American Council of Learned Societies.
Ricardo Quintana, Chairman Department of English, University of Wisconsin.
H. M. Kallen, of the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science organized under the New School for Social Research.
Charlotte C. Leonard (Mrs. William Ellery Leonard).
Granville Trace of Atascadero, Calif.
Edwin Watts Chubb, Emeritus Dean of Ohio University.
Clara Leiser of St. Luke's Place, New York.

All pay him tribute. Another letter from Wisconsin also pays him tribute, but speaks of his home life. There is no doubt that in his home the late Mr. Leonard was an extremely dominating man, if not almost tyrannical. But it is not my function in this column to discuss the shortcomings of the great. Like many men of genius, Leonard was contradictory. His wife's letter reads as follows:

> Please accept my sincere thanks for your fine appreciation of my distinguished husband. You did me and his many friends a great service. The sensational headlines from coast to coast in which he appeared neither as the great scholar and teacher nor as the artist hurt me deeply. He was all of these things. Again I thank you.

That letter reflects great credit on both Mrs. Leonard and her distinguished husband. And I shall leave the matter there. Miss Clara Leiser wishes me to say that she is Mr. Leonard's literary executor and authorized biographer and needs help from all sources. Anyone who knew him, whether as teacher, colleague, friend, or foe, is invited to write her at 16 St. Luke's Place, New York City, even though they were only a correspondent of Mr. Leonard's. They are invited to send what letters they may have, or classroom notes, or impressions and opinions. She concludes "I'd like no-one to think what he has by way of post cards, notes, etc. 'too trivial.' When W. E. L. resorted to post cards or brief notes there was a reason for it. One needs to know just how it was *in re* this at special periods."



Mr. Trace calls attention to Leonard's translation, "The Epic of Gilgamesh," "one of the most notable things achieved in poetry for a long time past"; Dean Chubb tells me of intimate tragedy, from which grew the magnificent poem, "Two Lives." H. M. Kallen speaks of Leonard's ability to transmute "his bitterest personal pang into social passion" and how anything that happened to him became "a soil for imaginative vision. The most extraordinary thing about him was how he could laugh at himself . . . as 'Aesop and Hyssop' which he wrote during one of his darkest crises shows. You were right, I think that in the end your description of him as a 'champion of mankind' is the one that will live." Professor Quintana tells me that *The New York Times* obituary notice was apparently taken from an earlier notice appearing in the *Chicago Tribune*, which must account for its sensationalism.

Sergeant A. M. Hillman, of the Signal Corps of the Air Force, writes me that "as a fellow 'Negrophile' and as a subscriber to *The Saturday Review*, I wish to urge that you and the other editors make the most of J. A. Hulbert's suggestion (*Nest*, April 15) regarding a special issue devoted to Negro literature. I think it is a brilliant idea, and I'm already looking forward to that issue. I hope I won't be disappointed." Frances Millar of North Little Rock, Arkansas, says "Please oh please reprint Corporal Trimmingham's letter to *Yank* (*Nest* May 13) on postals—please do, and let me (as well as a lot of other mothers whose—white—sons are dying for a "better world") send them out. That letter, so restrained, is like a canvas—light and shade in contrast—Wish you could call it to the attention of Mr. Bernard Baruch. The Government should use it." I wish I could call it to the attention, dear lady, of all the White Supremacists. It makes them look like thirty cents.

Both Basil Burwell and Earle Walbridge have told me that "The Hid-

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den Hand, or Capitola the Madcap," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, was dramatized. Mr. Burwell, now a Pfc. at Governor's Island, has a copy in his collection of nineteenth century drama. "If memory serves, Maggie Mitchell was the star." Earle says "The Hidden Hand" was dramatized in England and played by John Wilkes Booth.

(I suppose he was Major Warfield, "Old Hurricane"). Whittier's famous ballad "Barbara Frietchie" was the result of a suggestion from Mrs. Southworth, and the Quaker poet acknowledged to her that "If it is good for anything, thee deserve all the credit for it." I get this from "American Authors" (H. W. Wilson Co. 1938), which includes a photograph of Mrs. Southworth—one of hundreds of fascinating daguerrotypes, most of them made by the great pioneer of American photography, Matthew B. Brady, reproduced there from the collection of Frederick H. Meserne. I'll add on my own account that Louisa Alcott, who could be sharp on occasion (witness the way she sailed into Mark Twain and his "Innocents Abroad" in "Eight Cousins") burlesqued her in "Little Women" as Mrs. S.L.A.N.G. Northbury. The lady's full name was Emma Dorothy (Nevitte) Southworth.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÈT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The Jabberwock, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
2. The albatross, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge.
3. A picture called "The Chase of Fame," in "The Face Upon the Floor," by Antoine D'Arcy.
4. The little toy dog, in "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field.
5. The angel, in "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt.
6. A thing of beauty, in "Endymion," by John Keats.
7. "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key.
8. The piggy's ring, in "The Owl and the Pussycat," by Edward Lear.
9. The letter, in "Patterns," by Amy Lowell.
10. The one-hoss shay, in "The Deacon's Masterpiece," by O. W. Holmes.
11. The statue of Horatius, in "Horatius," by Thomas Macauley.
12. The landlord's daughter's hair, in "The Highwayman," by Noyes.
13. "The Fog," by Carl Sandburg.
14. The miner's music, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Service.
15. Mercy, in "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare.
16. Love, in "Sonnet CXVI," by Shakespeare.
17. A skull, in "The Battle of Blenheim," by Robert Southey.
18. The abbot's bell, in "The Inchcape Rock," by Robert Southey.
19. The joyous yell of the crowd, in "Casey at the Bat," by Thayer.
20. The flag, in "Barbara Frietchie," by Whittier.

The Story of U.S.S. Helena

THE FIGHTIN'EST SHIP. By Lt. C. G. Morris, USNR, and Hugh B. Cave. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

LIEUTENANT C. G. MORRIS was communications officer of "Lady Butch, the one ship fleet," joining her in July, 1942. They had just patched up the damage caused by a Pearl Harbor torpedo which smashed into her forward engine room and she was slipping out to sea for the first time as a fighting entity. The captain came aboard in a coal-bag, swung on a line from a passing destroyer, and she went cruising while men and officers learned to know each other. In October she was drawn into the whirlpool of the Guadalcanal fighting, making her debut in that terrific night battle off Cape Esperance when the Japs were so well paid out for their victory off Savo. Even her own people —and to every Navy man his own ship is the best and beautifulest in the fleet—had not realized how deadly well they had learned to use their weapons till that night.

From that point on *U.S.S. Helena* saw everything. She beat off an attack of torpedo planes; she bombarded Jap shore installations; she was in the center of the line during the first night of the Battle of Guadalcanal, when Admiral Callaghan tried to fight battleships with cruisers and destroyers and lost his life but won the victory. She went into the upper Solomons and, after more fighting there, at Kula Gulf she took the torpedo which broke her back and pitched her crew into midnight waters from which they were mostly rescued after adventures as fantastic as anything in fiction.

This is her story, as told by Morris to Hugh Cave, who has already done one good job on the PT's of the Guadalcanal campaign. It is a fine, heroic story, well told; and it seems too bad to have to suggest that it could be a better story and better told. It could be better told because the book is pretty much all high moments, the heroics of battle or the near approach to it and the reaction from it; and because amid these heroics the authors have an unfortunate tendency toward the hackneyed metaphor. It could be a better story because wars are after all fought by men, and we are here offered few clues as to how the men of this particular ship acquired the efficiency that made her stand out, even in Admiral Halsey's command. They drilled, yes, we are told that much, but what was it about their drills that made the *Helena* different from other ships, or even from the Japanese? It is the key question and it remains a mystery unsolved.

Yet with these deductions it is still one of the better of the growing collection of books dealing with individual ships.

Pontius Pilate and the Nazarene

THE EMPEROR'S PHYSICIAN. By J. R. Perkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IN the presence of two such recent and widely read novels as "The Nazarene" and "The Robe," it would seem to take a good deal of assurance to present a third novel on the same subject and the same material. Dr. Perkins, a Congregational minister, possesses this assurance, and with some justice. He has made himself an authority on the period of Pontius Pilate and the Nazarene, and his book reflects a vast fund of scholarship. He handles his scholarship easily, too, so that we get a very clear exposition of the physical conditions of the times, the political and hygienic corruption, the movements of crowds, the growth of sects about preachers and healers, among whom Jesus was one. But this book is not a big one because Dr. Perkins has not been able to delve beneath the physical to the spiritual layers of the story.

Faith, yes; he mentions it, he endows his physician Galen with it, and permits us to see it grow in the other physician, Sergius, until he cries out climactically, "My Master," at the feet of Jesus. Yet the real qualities of Jesus's power evade him, as does also the real surge in the atmosphere of those times, which lifted them over the crest of a Christian era. What really happened? Everybody saw it, yet few of those who did could have told us what, or why, and Dr. Perkins can only record it as they would, in stolid amazement. Here are the miracles, the quarreling procurators, the conversion of Mary of Magdala, the driving out of the money changers—all of the story again, but no light upon it. And who can blame Dr. Perkins for that? It is one of the greatest and most profound subjects in literature. He would need to be a great writer to meet it successfully.

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The Crostics Club

WILL IRWIN'S comment as to Double-Crostics being a kind of bond cementing varied interests across the country is amusingly illustrated in this letter from Robert W. Clopton of the University of Hawaii, Honolulu:

"L'affaire Stern (Letters to the Editor, March 18 issue; The Crostics Club, April 15 issue) strikes me as one which calls for a Double-Crostic especially constructed for the occasion. On the assumption that you may have been too busy to do this, I have amused myself by undertaking the task during a week when I was under instructions to relax and do no work. Would you be so kind as to forward the enclosed Crostic, with my compliments, to Mrs. Stern? For this my thanks. And my thanks, too, for the uncounted hours of enjoyment we have derived from the 525 Double-Crostics in *The Saturday Review* in the last ten years. As in the Stern household, these puzzles are sometimes the occasion for minor friction in the Clopton home, too; but with an important difference. In our case the trouble is that *each* of us wants to do each one. If the mail arrives at a time when it is not possible to sit down and get to work, whoever gets the *Review* first hides the copy until there is time to get at the Double-Crostic! Like the squirrel, we sometimes forget where the treasure is cached, and occasionally an old one comes to light with an inviting blankness which precludes any further housecleaning till a solution is achieved. Mrs. Clopton is a 'referencer,' I a stubborn 'aloner.' One or the other of us, however (sometimes both), has managed to complete every one in the series so far. With sincere Aloha." . . .

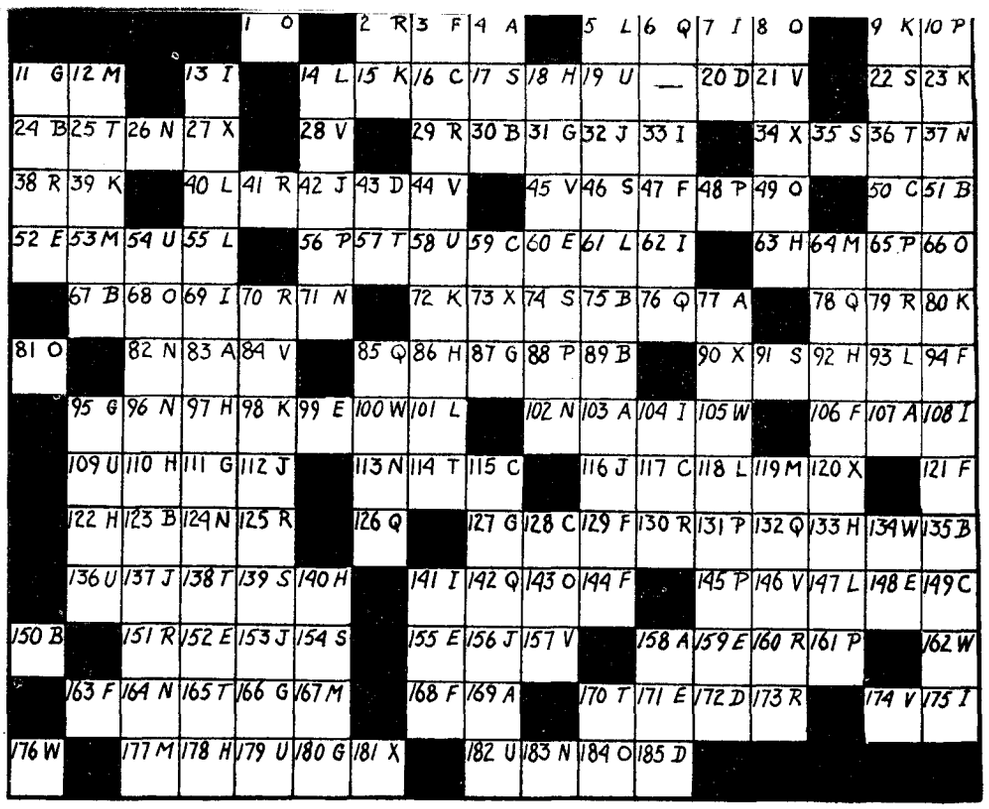
Perhaps Mrs. Stern will share the fruits of Mr. Clopton's DC with us?

No one has as yet informed us about that DC convention in Boston to which Mr. Newberry's friend alluded, but Maurice Simonds, New York, recalls the New York City one about which I wrote, for it was he who won second prize, a book donated by Simon and Schuster.

Mr. Newberry asks me to thank you for the generous response to his invitation, but to say that due to Red Cross demands and need for time to make DCs, it is impossible for him to acknowledge the friendly letters received except by sending each writer a batch of DCs. How, say I, could one expect more? In fact, I do not see how one can expect as much.

Alves Long, Columbia, S. C., always on the alert for new words for my use, has sent "warsage," accompanied by the actual symbol, a red, white, and blue ribboned Liberty Bell adorned with ten cent Minute Men stamps. My friends tell me that you'd all guess the word at once because it is in use similarly in many sections of the country.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 537

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A loud, hoarse voice.

B. American sculptor, painter, illustrator (1861-1909).

C. Brisk; lively (Music direction).

D. Dresses with a sharp pointed hammer (stone).

E. To pass an interlude in pleasure or idleness (2 wds.)

F. Before moving or without further consideration (3 wds.)

G. American novelist (in Italy; 1854-1909).

H. Lacking professional finish.

I. The Saturday after Easter (2 wds.)

J. Frolicking.

K. Delaware Indian Chief (1685) subject of one of first American operas (1794).

L. Author of "Fanshawe" (1828).

M. Directed the publication of.

N. Competition open to everybody (colloq.; comp.)

O. Potential; in the first stage of development (3 wds.)

P. Gaunt; having little flesh.

Q. Nymph of the River Severn (Milton; "Comus.")

R. The ripe flower head of a common prickly plant.

S. Calvary (Bib.)

T. Appeared at the scene of action.

U. Sifted, as wheat or coal.

V. The color silver (2 wds.)

W. Author of "Philosopher's Holiday."

X. That is to say; videlicet.

WORDS

158 4 77 107 169 103 83

24 123 30 75 150 135 67 51 89

128 16 117 149 50 115 59

43 20 185 172

148 152 52 60 99 159 155 171

3 129 168 144 47 94 163 121 106

166 180 31 127 95 87 111 11

178 140 110 92 18 97 86 133 63 122

33 13 141 62 104 175 108 7 69

32 156 137 112 42 153 116

98 23 72 9 15 80 39

93 118 14 40 5 147 101 55 61

167 53 64 177 12 119

113 124 37 26 102 183 71 82 164 96

1 184 143 68 49 8 81 66

48 10 88 145 56 65 131 161

78 126 85 132 142 76 6

173 41 70 29 2 38 125 130 79 151 160

22 35 17 154 91 74 46 139

165 57 170 114 36 138 25

179 58 136 19 182 54 109

84 174 45 21 44 146 28 157

100 176 105 162 134

27 73 90 120 34 181

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